MY PRINCE MDIVANI AND I,
By MARY McCORMIC

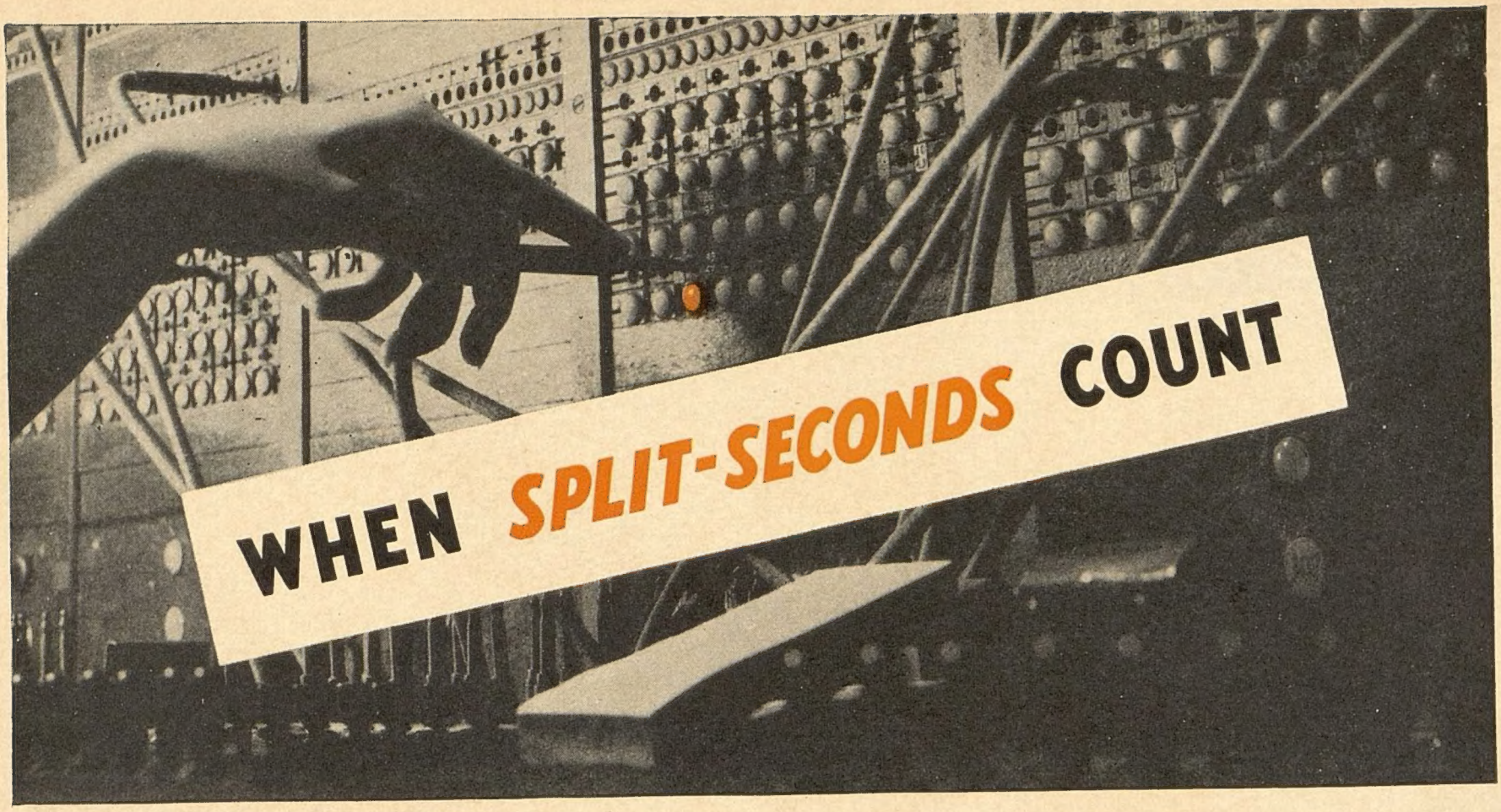
OCT. 7, 1933

# Liberty

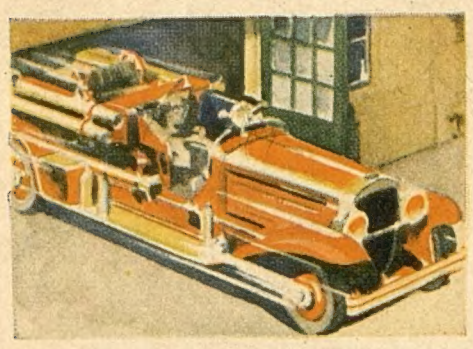
5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

WHY FOREIGNERS DO NOT LIKE US
By
HESTER T. CROWELL




# CALL ON FIRE-CHIEF



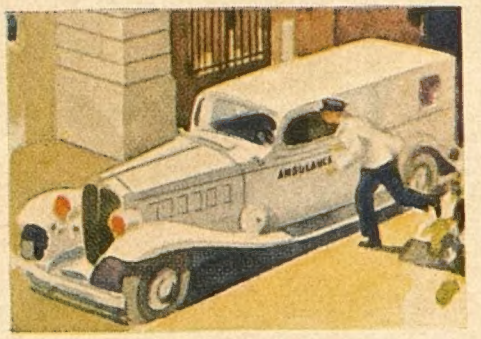
**FIRE ENGINES**... *surging, extra power..."emergency" power...that's the kind that Fire-Chief delivers in any car.*

The alarm comes in! And in split-seconds red giants are roaring into action . . . The midnight calm of a hospital is broken by a "hurry call" for an ambulance. Before you can blink twice the driver has turned the corner and whirls out of sight . . . A doctor dashes down the steps and into his car. He's off . . . every second counts.

That's the kind of service for which Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline was developed. And that very same split-second action . . . that very same third-alarm speed and power are yours any time you want them.

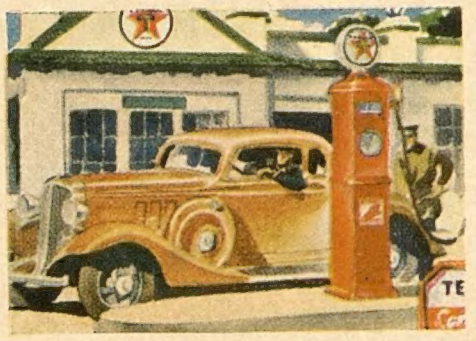
This fire-engine gasoline is yours at any Texaco Station at no extra price. Try a tankful and find out for yourself what it means to have third-alarm speed and power . . . for any emergency . . . any time.

THE TEXAS COMPANY *Texaco Petroleum Products*



**AMBULANCES**... *speed when you need it, as fast as you call for it . . . as long as you ask for it . . . and it's always there.*

**DOCTORS' CARS**... *with the first turn of the starter they're off and away... for Fire-Chief was made for action.*



**YOUR CAR**... *extra power from every gallon means many extra miles from every tankful . . . at no extra price.*

# TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

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Drive to the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. There are good roads, ample parking spaces, plenty of good hotels and tourist camps

# PARTY LAST NIGHT?

# how's your breath today!

## *Don't risk offending others . . . Listerine hides those telltale odors . . . Makes breath agreeable*

● Maybe you were merely out late . . . Possibly you simply ate too much . . . Or maybe you really stepped out to forget your troubles . . .

In any case, the penalty is a breath that is almost certain to offend . . . one that may get you "in bad" in or out of the office.

Don't let it! For your own self-respect, and in consideration of others you will meet socially or in business, use Listerine.

Instantly Listerine removes those unpleasant telltale odors; leaves your mouth clean and fresh, and your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. Nobody can accuse *you* of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

**LISTERINE**
**ENDS HALITOSIS**

*Numerous tests show that Listerine immediately conceals odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.*

Moral: When you want to be sure that your breath is beyond reproach, use Listerine, and Listerine only. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. Tuck Listerine in your bag when you travel. It is your protection against bad breath as well as a safeguard to your health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

USE IT BEFORE ALL SOCIAL AND BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER 7, 1933

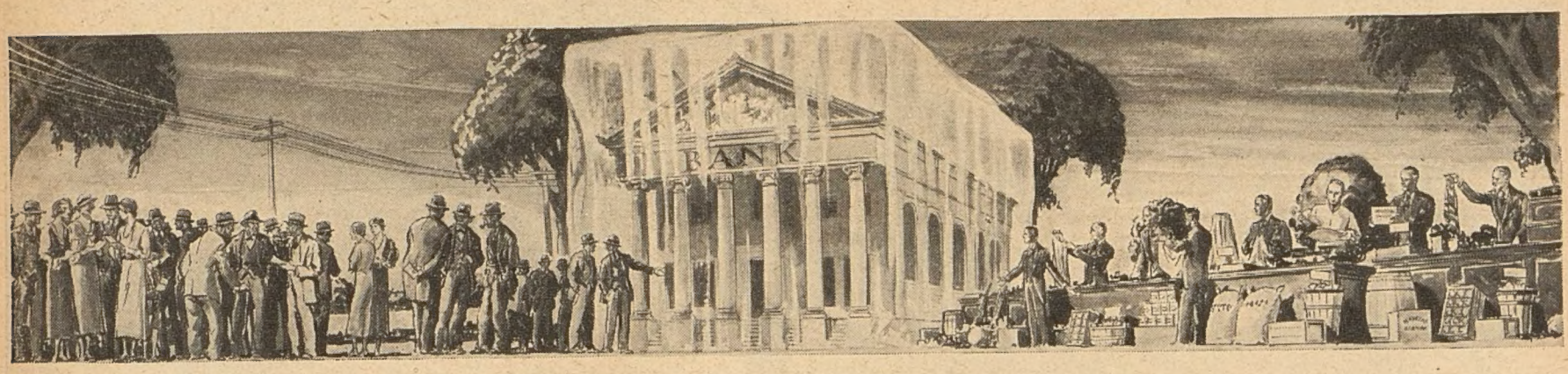
# Liberty

VOL. 10, NO. 40

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

# RELEASE BILLIONS OF FROZEN DEPOSITS




THIS is the demand of Lessing J. Rosenwald in a recent radio talk. "Raise the price level" was the keynote of his masterly address.

Mr. Rosenwald is directing member of the Committee for the Nation and has been making a detailed analysis of the banking situation. His investigators maintain that "If the government delays monetary action for restoring the price level, more and more of depositors' money will dwindle away" and there will be more mortgages, foreclosures, forced sale of assets. "Bank depositors as well as bank stockholders will suffer in this way losses which should not be necessary."

We have been tremendously impressed by the assistance that will be rendered by the National Recovery Act and the spending of more than three billion dollars in public improvements, but these monies will be released gradually, doubtless requiring several years.

But the seven and one half billion of frozen assets now lying idle in our banks, if made available, would give literally millions of men spending money. The value of everything would increase overnight and, as Mr. Rosenwald points out, a safe percentage of these frozen assets could be released, thus insuring the government against loss.

The efforts which are being made to regulate business will doubtless bring worth-while results. But what the people in this country need at the present time is money to spend. Some organizations are so closely pressed that even an increase in wages would put them in bankruptcy and all their employees would lose their jobs.

The Rosenwald committee maintains that the President has authority to issue currency against these frozen bank assets and we can well understand there would be an orgy of spending if this huge amount of money were made available to depositors. Every owner would have to find another investment for his capital. Many people are stinting themselves severely, and their purse strings would be immediately loosened with more money to spend.

Naturally the revolutionary activities at Washington have cast aside the business principles we have followed for years. They have tried to build a new business world, and the difficulties of such a Herculean task can be only faintly imagined.

Mr. Rosenwald states that the "banking crisis threw upon the Treasury Department a burden that it was not prepared to carry. There was no adequate organization. Letters piled up unanswered. Depositors, stockholders, and bank management found themselves in strait-jackets of bureaucratic control."

Bankers have been subject to caustic criticism, and no doubt the outstanding desire at Washington is to follow plans that will conserve national stability. But it does not require the training of a banker to grasp the tremendous significance of releasing a large percentage of these billions of deposits.

The suggestion of issuing currency for these inactive assets may not be possible, but certainly some means should be found by our Treasury Department immediately to assist the victims of this truly terrible catastrophe.

The depression sent five thousand banks into the receiver's hands. Nearly three thousand banks were closed by the moratorium, and they are still closed or are operating on a restricted basis. And it is maintained that there are several billions in mutual savings banks that are subject to some form of withdrawal restriction.

The New Deal has given us all hope. Confidence is returning. But something must be done to relieve this appalling situation. The life savings of literally millions of people are tied up in banks. Many of these people are living on public charity.

Mr. Rosenwald dwells particularly upon raising the price level back to normal, and this cannot possibly be accomplished when millions of our citizens are unable to use even a part of their life savings.

Let us hope that the Committee for the Nation will have a hearing in Washington that will insure a careful consideration of their findings.

Whether we have community or branch banking may be important, but we want to be assured at all cost of safe banking.

We called attention in these columns recently to the safety of the Canadian and English banks—there were practically no failures in either of these countries during the entire depression.

We boast of our commercial progress. We consider ourselves enlightened to a far greater degree than any other nation. But in some phases of our business activities we seem to be little better than dumb-bells!

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

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Cover by CHAS. A. MACLELLAN

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

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Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly. Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

# When the *bounce* goes out of a boy of three

WHEN the house is strangely still . . . when the little monarch of the nursery barely picks at his dinner . . . you, mother, know that there is something *wrong!*

*Childhood's commonest ailment*

Often the trouble is *constipation*. True . . . a child's habits may *seem* regular, but that may not mean that his little system is cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal absorption, may be poisoning him.

*Diet not always effective*

Even though you follow the best advice on scientific feeding, your child may be suffering from constipation brought on by his being too "busy" to spare the time from his play. If he is pale, listless, has no appetite . . . he needs a good laxative.

But . . . some laxatives may do him more harm than good. Laxatives intended for adult use are often too strong for children, even in reduced doses.

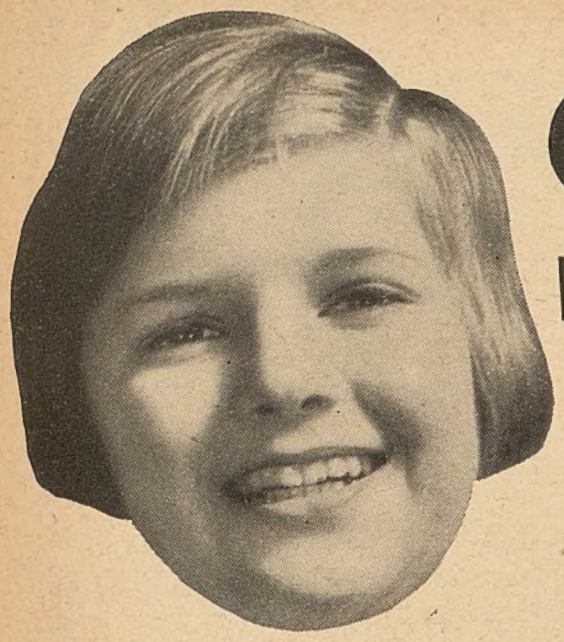
*Give him Fletcher's Castoria!*

Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation which is absolutely *safe* and *sure*. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. And children love the taste of it . . . they are not afraid to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs . . . *no narcotics*. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The *family size* is the economical way to buy it. And be sure to look for the signature, *Chas. H. Fletcher*, on the carton.

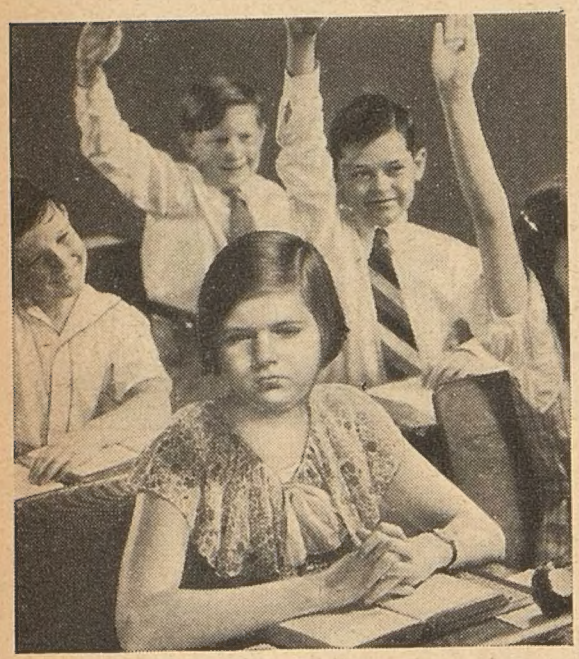
*Chas. H. Fletcher*
CASTORIA
*for*
constipation
in children

from babyhood to 11 years



# The Strange Case of little Mary Dodd

[A REAL LIFE MOVIE]



**1.** How puzzled Mary Dodd's parents were! She had always been such a bright, vivacious little girl. So full of life and interest in everything about her. And now . . . so listless, irritable—none of her old-time energy. Not herself at all!

**2.** So Mrs. Dodd took Mary to Dr. Kent. How surprised she was when he mentioned—constipation. And then . . . "more outdoor exercise, plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, lots of water between meals, and added bulk in the diet."

**3.** "Added bulk?" Mrs. Dodd asked. The kindly doctor smiled. "She likes cereals, doesn't she? Well, why not give her one of the finest cereals I know—Post's 40% Bran Flakes? It has a delicious flavor and also the extra benefits Mary needs."


## PERHAPS YOUR CHILDREN TOO

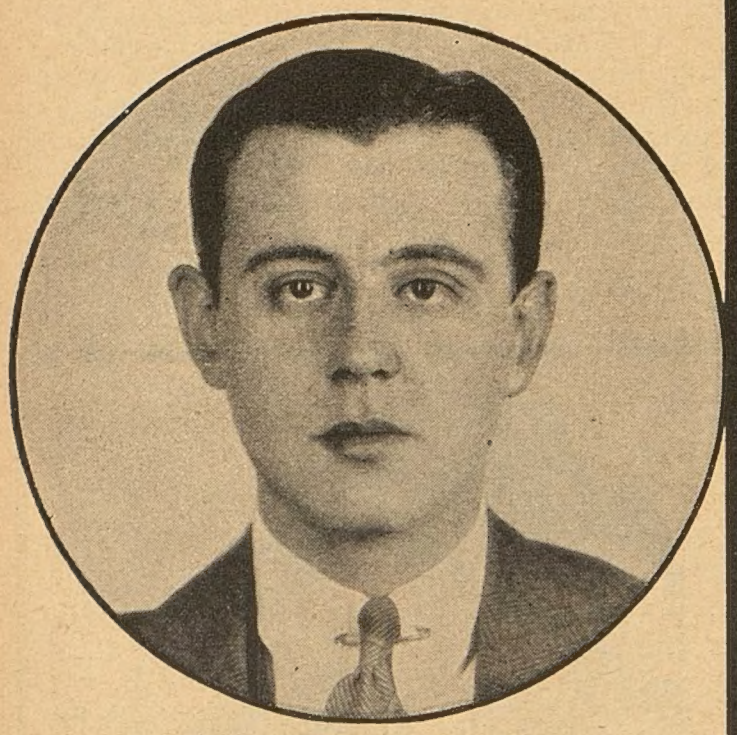
*. . may benefit from this delicious cereal*

Post's 40% Bran Flakes (with other parts of wheat) provides the bulk most systems need . . . bulk so many diets lack. And thus it helps to insure normal elimination . . . to prevent intestinal sluggishness.

You'll *all* love Post's 40% Bran Flakes—so crisp and refreshing and delicious. Get a package today! A product of General Foods.

**4.** And Mary . . . well, Mary knows nothing about the extra benefits this delicious cereal provides. She only knows she's *never* tasted anything so good—especially served with sliced bananas or berries. And Mother and Dad agree!

The Famous Opera Star's Rueful Revelations of Her Marital Experience in Supporting One of These Amazing Brothers in the Style to Which He Was Accustomed



Prince Serge Mdivani at the time of his marriage to Mary McCormic

MARY McCORMIC

# My Prince Mdivani and I

*From the Intimate Memoirs of*

## MARY McCORMIC

**As told to Basil Woon**

*(Reading time: 30 minutes 25 seconds.)*

PRINCE ALEXIS MDIVANI did Barbara Hutton a great favor when he married her. Any Mdivani will tell you that.

The vanity of the Mdivani family is fantastic. I am quite certain Princess Nina and Princess Roussada and Princes Serge and David really and sincerely think Barbara is the lucky one, not Alexis. Of course (I can see them shrug) the money will come in handy; but then, consider how fortunate Miss Hutton is to have secured a husband so exquisitely versed in the art of spending it!

Is there anything to be said for the Mdivani point of view? To be fair to them, there is—quite a lot. If anyone should know the astonishing Mdivani philosophy, I should, for it was served to me for breakfast, lunch,

and dinner during the years of my married life with Serge.

To understand the Mdivanis you have to know something of their traditions; and you must weigh, besides, the characteristics of each member of an amazing family.

The late Prince Zakhary, General Mdivani, was an aide-de-camp to the Czar, a brilliant soldier, and one of the emperor's favorite officers. The late Princess Mdivani, his wife, was a resourceful, cultured, and beautiful woman who dominated social life in Georgia and was a powerful member of the imperial court while the Mdivanis lived in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Princess Nina, elder daughter, inherited her mother's resourcefulness and intelligence. She was the first of her family to "marry well," becoming the bride, soon after the war, of Charles Huberich, a wealthy Texan and well known international lawyer.

Princess Roussada, younger daughter, is a talented and well known sculptress in her own right and is married to José Maria Sert, famous Spanish muralist.

Prince Serge, whom I married, is an all-around outdoor man, a champion tennis player and rider. He was at one time called the best-dressed man in Paris.

Prince David, whom Miss Mae Murray is suing for divorce, is a trick rider and jumper, a tennis player above the ordinary, and a champion long-distance swimmer.

Prince Alexis, husband of Barbara Hutton, is one of the world's great polo players and lives for practically nothing else—except, it is to be hoped, Miss Hutton.

Serge and David, of the boys, and Nina, of the girls, possess real talents in business. Both Serge and David are trained oil men and could become rich if only they were content to work toward that end. Unfortunately they are not willing to face the years of comparative drudgery that must come before wealth.

Whatever money the three princes have now has come in the first place from women. Prince Alexis has had his money first from his sisters; secondly from Louise Van Alen, his first wife; and thirdly from Barbara Hutton, his second wife, who is said to be the second wealthiest heiress in the world. Prince Serge was married first to a motion-picture star, said to have money, but when he came West to marry me his family paid his fare as far as Chicago and I helped him the rest of the way. The money he put in an oil business was mine.

WHEN Prince David Mdivani met Mae Murray he was an extra in motion pictures. But when he married Mae he insisted that she build a home in keeping with his dignity as a prince. The result was the Moorish palace Miss Murray now lives in on the sands of Playa del Rey. The money which gave Prince David his chance in the oil business was likewise hers. She told me the other day that she could prove she had given David nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The Mdivani boys, however, do not consider these facts in any way incompatible with their dignity as princes.

To a girl who wants a cosmopolitan gentleman for a husband, and who can afford him, a Mdivani prince, they think, is ideal. Each of them is young, good-looking, a linguist, trained in the graces of international society. Their prowess in sport alone should make any girl proud to call one of them her husband.

To a certain extent I agree with them. The Mdivanis are traveled, well educated, and have knocked about the world enough to have acquired a real polish, not a veneer. And, as Miss Hutton is credited with explaining, they have "leisure"—leisure to devote themselves to their wives, which most American men have not. American men do not comprehend leisure because they are not versed, like the Mdivanis, in ways of spending it. Neither do they understand the art of spending in the grand manner. A Mdivani prince instinctively and by training knows unerringly the best hotel, the best restaurant, the smartest night club, and probably—if it is New York, London, or Paris—has a person "in" with the manager and head waiter. That sounds the height of snobbism—to "know" the head waiter; but anyone who has moved in the smart sets of Europe will appreciate its importance to a woman who wants to see, be seen, and have a good time.

ALL this may sound as if I were indirectly offering an excuse for my marriage to Serge Mdivani. That is not so. Serge and I were in love long before we married. I knew all about him and all about his family. I thought I knew him as thoroughly as any woman can know the man she means to marry. I certainly was crazily in love with him. I did not marry him in order to become a "princess." I thought his pretensions of "family" laughable. *My* father is a grocer in Texas. I've always been proud of him. But a large portion of my career has been spent in Old World capitals—London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Madrid. Being proposed to by a prince was no novelty to me. In Europe it was rumored that I was rich. I could have been a princess years before I married Serge.

Miss Barbara Hutton, now the wife of Alexis, the youngest of the Princes Mdivani.

Prince Alexis, who married Barbara Hutton after Louise Van Alen gave him a divorce.

Acme photos

My marriage and present troubles with Serge have received so much attention from the press, and so much misinformation has been published, that I think the truth will help every one concerned—the Mdivanis as much as me.

When Serge and I were introduced to each other we hated each other at sight!

It happened on the Olympic of the White Star Line. I was returning to fulfill an engagement at the Paris Opera. The ship was hardly through the Narrows before I was told that one of the famous Mdivani princes was on board. It did not interest me. A friend gave a party in his honor and I refused to go.

"I don't want to meet him,"

I said obstinately when my friend insisted.

"But he's *devastating!*" gushed a woman I knew.

"Let him devastate some one else," I retorted.

I know now that my refusal to meet him was faithfully carried to Serge, who shrugged his big shoulders and said he wasn't interested.

He was, however. "Piqued" would be a better word. He was and is a very proud man. He thought himself irresistible to women—and he had plenty of reason to think so. So he didn't like it a bit when he heard there was one woman on board the Olympic who had refused to meet him.

The second day out I was standing on the promenade deck chatting with the purser A tall dark young man came out and began telling the deck steward where to put his chair. He was fussy about it.

I like tall dark men, and I watched him hector the poor steward and wondered who he was. When the chair was finally placed he turned around and our eyes met. I received

Acme photo

**Prince David Mdivani, who was an extra in the movies when he married Mae Murray.**

**Mae Murray as she appeared at the time of her brilliant success in The Merry Widow.**

a cold, appraising look, deliberate and cool enough to make me vaguely resentful.

"You'd better look out," said the purser jokingly. "That fellow's a scalp hunter."

"Who is he?" I asked indifferently.

"Prince Mdivani."

I THOUGHT him a particularly disagreeable specimen, and said so.

"He's not so bad," said the purser, smiling. "You know these Russian princes—they all act as if they owned the earth. I'll introduce you."

"Please don't!" I interrupted hastily.

The man who had wanted me to meet Prince Mdivani gave a dinner party for me the last night on board, and—a little maliciously perhaps—put Serge next to me.

We were polite to each other, naturally. But underneath sparks were flying from the tinder of our natures.

A long time afterward Serge told me that he had set me down as some one to be avoided. "My mind catalogued you 'Dangerous—keep away,'" he said. Of course I was intrigued and wanted to know why. "Well," he explained, "you looked too damned clever. I felt you knew all about me before we had exchanged a word."

I had been afraid Serge would bore me. On the contrary, he was witty and charming. We had many mutual friends. Because there is a certain mental stimulation in conversation with a man one distrusts, I found myself eager to talk with him even while disliking him more than ever. I resented what I wrongly thought was an attempt to captivate me. I know now that he was only being polite.

It was about three months before we saw each other again. I was standing in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo when Clifford Harmon came up to me.

"Miss McCormic," he said, "I want you to meet two very good friends of mine."

One was a woman singer, and the second—Prince Serge. "I have had the honor," he said, bowing over my hand.

Mr. Harmon suggested dinner. We went over to the Café de Paris. An orchestra was playing a peculiarly haunting tango. Serge looked at me. The music was irresistible. We went inside and danced—but "danced" is too prosaic a word to describe a tango with Serge Mdivani! The man didn't dance. He floated. His movements were effortless. It was as if we ourselves were the music.

LATER we went to the Carlton, a night club. There were a lot of people we knew, and the original party of four grew large and unwieldy. I had to dance with other men, but found myself eagerly waiting for the next one with Serge. How that man could *dance!*

It may have been the dancing—and then again it may have been the champagne. Probably it was a combination of both, added to the almost mystic charm of the Riviera night. Monte Carlo was made for the *grandes passions!* Anyhow, my dislike for Serge completely vanished. His personality began to absorb me.

After a while he leaned toward me and whispered, "Let's get out of this!"

Outside we paused, irresolute.

"How about a whirl at the Sporting?" Serge suggested.

Anything was all right with me.

It was the peak year of the bull market, just before the crash, and when we reached the Sporting Club the millions were dancing merrily across the tables.

The Sporting Club prides itself on having two tables with no limit on stakes. One is a *trente et quarante* table, backed by the house, and the other *chemin de fer*, a variation of baccarat in which the players themselves bank the game in turn. There is probably no more exciting game in the world than no-limit *chemin de fer.*

Serge and I found places next each other, he on my right. In *chemin de fer* each player in turn deals the cards, putting up any amount he desires above the minimum of one hundred louis—eighty dollars. The player on the banker's right has the first choice of going *banco*—that is of accepting the wager.

I put up five *billets de mille*—about two hundred dollars. "*Banco!*" said Serge. I dealt him a five and a two, myself a five and a four. That meant my stake was doubled. "*Suivie!*" said Serge, meaning he accepted the *banco* again. This time I turned up an eight

and he held *baccarat,* or nothing. I looked at him questioningly. There was now eight hundred dollars on the table, and from what I had heard about the Mdivani family I did not think they were rich. What I didn't know was that defeat to one of these amazing brothers is only an added incentive to victory—with cards, with women, with anything else.

"*Suivie!*" said Serge again, and grinned.

It was that grin that did it. I like a man who can grin when he's losing. Any woman does.

I smiled back—and dealt the cards. He looked at his. Eight! I flipped mine over. Nine! I had won again.

"*La main passe,*" I said, exercising my privilege of passing the bank, which almost every one does after three coups. I gathered up my winnings and rose. Serge rose too.

"How about some champagne?" he suggested.

We went into the tiny bar and sat down, looking at each other. I was reflecting what an utterly charming, handsome devil he was. When he spoke to me, his voice was a caress.

By the time I had paid for the champagne we both knew what had happened.

Heaven help us, we were in love!

. . . . .

SERGE was a perfect husband until we were married. We had known each other two and a half years before *that* happened, and in all that time I never once saw Serge angry. Yet two hours *after* our marriage he worked himself into such a temper (I forget why) that he almost had a fit.

During our engagement Serge was nearly the most desirable man I had ever known. I say "nearly," because *the* most desirable man was—one I did *not* marry.

Serge was quixotic, impulsive, arrogant, vain, unmanageable, impractical, and one of the tenderest, most lovable liars I had ever had to deal with. That's nothing, of course. All husbands are liars.

He was one of the most charmingly generous men. He would spend every penny in his pocket on some absurdly impractical thing as a gift for me.

*But* he wanted me to subjugate myself entirely to his will. He hated my friends, mostly of the musical world —thought them "terrible." Gradually he stopped my seeing them.

He had no friends himself in California, or at least none that he introduced to me. In all the time we lived together he introduced me to but two persons—one a friend of his brother David, whom I recognized as a professional dancer I had seen in Kiley's place in Paris, and the other a woman in Hollywood, whom he forbade the house because, liking each other, she and I had gone out for a drive alone!

He wanted me to be his wife and nothing else. My career, my life work, my struggles upward to the position I had finally attained, meant nothing to him. When I spoke of music, of opera, he would grow surly and tell me that I was now Princess Mdivani, his wife, and that my professional career was over. If any one addressed me as Mary McCormic he never spoke to them again.

He did not even care to hear me sing to him at home, and made a most absurd fuss last year when I was asked to be the soloist at the beautiful Easter Sunrise Service of the Hollywood Bowl. I sang, but he refused to go with me to listen, characterizing the thousands of Californians who had stayed up all night to get places in the bowl as "crazy fools."

Some years before I married Serge, before we were engaged, I had made a contract with dear old Lionel Powell, since dead, the most famous musical impresario in England. The contract was for symphonic appearances over a number of seasons, and Mr. Powell had made me promise I would not marry without his consent—so many promising operatic careers, he said, had been ruined by singers marrying the wrong men.

Before we were married Serge insisted that I abandon operatic work altogether. I was a fool, I know—but I was in love. I agreed.

I made a flying trip to Europe and canceled contracts right and left. When I went to London and told Mr.

*The Czar with his staff. He is laughing at a witticis princes. All in the group are saluting except Prin staff were exempt from saluting—hence this picture m*

Powell what I meant to do, he stormed about the office, pleaded with me, almost cried.

"He will ruin your career and ruin you!" he cried. "What does he know about a singer's temperament? You will be miserable and you will deserve it!"

I was adamant. Mr. Powell threw up his hands.

"Get out!" he cried. "I never want to see you again!"

I went to the door and in an instant the old man was after me, his arms around me.

"Forgive me, Mary," he pleaded. "I was so disappointed. I—I wish you every happiness in the world."

That was the last time I saw Lionel Powell. He died soon afterward.

AFTER that second meeting in Monte Carlo, Serge and I were together often at various places on the Riviera and in Paris. In August, 1929, I met him again in Deauville, where, except for the hours he spent gambling, he scarcely left me alone a minute.

Serge was a tremendous gambler, like most Russians. He would bet every cent he had on the turn of one card and never move a muscle of his face whether he won or lost. If he won, he would shower me with presents, buy quantities of champagne, give uproarious parties at Ciro's and Les Ambassadeurs. If he lost, he would join some one else's party. He seemed always good-humored and gay.

At Deauville Serge was accounted one of the best-dressed men of the international set. He seemed to have boundless energy. After playing baccarat all night he would have a horse saddled and gallop miles along the beach before going home to bed. At the Concours Hippique he won first prize in the men's division for elegance.

In the fall of '29 I returned to sing in Chicago and Serge remained in Paris. I did not see him again until early in 1930, in Paris. He met me at the boat train

*f Prince Zakhary Mdivani (arrow), father of the present Zakhary and the Grand Dukes. Only titled members of the e regarded as evidence that the Mdivani title is genuine.*

and we had quite a reunion. During the three months that followed we saw each other constantly, and in 1930 he followed me to the United States. He was a week in Chicago, during which we saw each other every evening, and then went to California to visit his brother David and the latter's wife, Mae Murray.

Before Serge reached California, David, using his wife's money, had gone into partnership with " Tommy " Tomlinson of New York, and had struck oil in a well they drilled not far from Miss Murray's house. This was the start of the famous Venice oil field. The Mdivani-Tomlinson enterprise was called the Pacific Shore Oil Company. At the time Serge reached California the first of the wells was producing about $10,000 per month.

Not long after brother Serge's arrival Mr. Tomlinson decided he wanted to get out. He gave as his reason that he could not get along with David Mdivani.

It looked to Serge like a God-given opportunity to buy into a profitable business. David and Mae wanted him to come in also. Unfortunately Serge had no money, or at least not enough.

SO it was perhaps natural that I should receive an urgent telephone call from Serge (I was singing in New York at the time) telling that he loved me, and what a splendid investment it would be for me if I gave him the money to buy Tomlinson's share. Mae and David also wrote, with great enthusiasm, of the opportunity.

As I remember it the first payment to Tomlinson was $15,000. I sent two drafts for $7,500 each, but sent them to Mae. who gave the money to Serge. Thus, besides Serge's notes and the canceled checks, I have Mae's evidence as to where the money went.

We were married the following spring. In all, I put $40,000 into Serge's oil business. At the time I did this I was very well off financially through investments in Insull securities. On Samuel Insull's advice and with his help I had invested most of the money I had made singing abroad and in the Chicago Opera in certain of Insull's utility holding corporations. I had been always " let in on the ground floor " by Insull whenever he knew his stocks were going up. At one time I had a paper profit of more than $2,000,000 in Insull stock. Long before the crash came I could have sold out and been financially independent for the rest of my life. When the " wise selling " of Insull securities began—it was started, Insull told me, by Chicago bankers who had themselves participated in the issues—I was " tipped " to " get out from under " by a financier in a position to know. My loyalty to Samuel Insull, who had proved himself my best friend, prevented my following the advice. As a result, I lost nearly everything.

So that shortly after Serge and I married our financial positions were very neatly reversed. Serge had the money, from the oil wells, and I had hardly anything left, except debts. I could have returned to opera, but Serge wouldn't let me. I was Princess Mdivani, he said in his best grand manner, and my job was to keep his house. At that time " keeping house " was largely figurative, because we were living at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. He rather held it against me that David had a home and he had not—in fact, he said as much several times.

SERGE paid our bills for living expenses rather grandly, but when I asked for money to pay back obligations he refused me.

When I needed money for clothes he refused me that, but the same day gave $900 to the California Lancers, an ultra-smart semi-military organization of Los Angeles society men. They wear elaborate blue-yellow-and-red uniforms which pleased both princes' sense of pomp. They would strut about at home in these uniforms, looking as if they had strayed down from some Hollywood studio making The Merry Widow.

Mae and I had to throw the oil company in receivership in order to get any money from it at all.

I have been asked if the Mdivani title is genuine. To that I can reply only that once, in Paris, Serge showed me papers which apparently proved the title was given his great-grandfather for military services to the Czar of Russia. The title of prince, in Georgia, descends to the son down to, I believe, the seventh generation. Thus Prince David Mdivani's little son, whose mother is Mae Murray, is a prince, and if he has a son that child will also be a prince, and after that the title will lapse.

As far as I know, the original Prince Mdivani was a soldier who rose to become a distinguished general. The father of the present princes, General Zakhary Mdivani, aide-de-camp to the Czar, was wealthy, owning oil properties near Baku and a large estate in Tiflis. The Georgian revolution deprived him of everything.

When the revolution occurred, Prince Serge and Prince David were at school at Andover. They had been sponsored in this country by a friend of the general—Marshall Crane. At this time Prince Alexis, in his early teens, was at a private school, I think in Paris.

Serge and David lived up to their titles at Andover in true princely fashion. They had the smartest clothes, the sportiest cars, the finest riding horses, and no other rich student approached them in the giving of smart parties.

At least a dozen débutantes were supposed to be in love with each of them. At school they were called " the Cossacks." Both excelled at sports, especially polo and fencing. Their father had been a noted duelist.

Suddenly Mr. Crane called them to his office and told them that their family fortune had been wiped out by a revolution.

" You can continue at Andover on a small allowance," Serge told me was Crane's ultimatum, " or you can have a job in my office."

To stay on at Andover on a pocket-money pittance was unthinkable to these two proud youngsters. Neither did they relish the thought of working for a small salary in an office where their identity would be known and where they would have to keep regular hours.

So Serge and David did a very characteristic thing. They started to lead a double life. By day they would

work at anything—laboring, carpentering, road-building, trucking on the docks. By night they would be found in the homes of Long Island millionaires, debonair and suave in the milieu they knew best.

Serge often told me about those extraordinary days when he was a roustabout by day and a prince by night. "The girls I danced with," he said, "would notice the calluses on my hands and ask me where I got them. I would tell them that I had been playing too much polo—the calluses were from the mallet!"

Just as long as nobody knew their identity the two brothers accepted any work that came along. They would make a list of jobs offered in the want-ad columns and systematically apply for them. The fact that they knew nothing about the jobs in question mattered to them not a bit. They would calmly claim experience anyway. Sometimes they "got away with it" for several days. In one month, Serge told me, he was a machinist's helper, a farm hand, a fence builder, a gardener, a cement mixer, and a truck driver! It showed, anyway, that he had some of the right stuff in him.

Twice the brothers undertook contracting jobs. The first was to build a barn for an estate on Long Island. When they had the barn up, except for one side of the roof, they found the two-by-fours they had bought (with the last of their capital) were too short by an inch to reach from the center board to the wall. It was Serge who had the ingenious idea of driving four-inch iron nails into the ends of the beams to make them long enough. Next day the roof collapsed.

Another time they built a small school, also on Long Island. Serge told me about this a few years afterward. "It is still standing!" he said proudly, as if astonished.

The aim in life of both Serge and David was to get rich again as quickly as possible, to take once more their "proper" positions in society. It was obvious that there was but one quick road. They had to marry money.

It did not seem as if they would have much difficulty doing this. They were young, good-looking, healthy, amusing, clever, linguists, and gentlemen. They disliked indoor games such as bridge, but in all outdoor sports they excelled. They could sing agreeably and dance like nobody's business, and in love-making their technique was certainly unrivaled by any of the bloods of Southampton or Sands Point.

Added to all this, they were titled.

BUT it became too difficult to live up to the constant pretense of their double lives. There was always the chance of discovery. In Europe it was quite the thing, just after the war, for members of the Russian nobility to accept all sorts of menial jobs. Europe rather admired them for it, and they lost no caste. But certain sections of Long Island comprise the most snobbish area on earth. And naturally it was no part of the plan of either Serge or David to antagonize their wealthy hosts—above all, the fathers and mothers!

They talked it all over and decided to go where nobody knew them, find a "stake" somehow, and then return.

At various house parties they had met Harry Sinclair. He had evinced an interest in them because they came of a family that had once owned oil wells.

To Sinclair they went now. He found that they knew nothing actually of the production of oil as it was practiced in the American fields.

"If you'll start at the bottom I'll find a place for you in my organization," Sinclair said.

They agreed, and he sent them to be roustabouts in one of his Oklahoma fields. None of their fellow laborers during the next few months suspected that they were princes. They managed to put aside a small amount of money, but advancement was slow, and Harry Sinclair had his hands full of his own troubles. He could do nothing for them, and when he was finally imprisoned for contempt of court they decided they had had enough. David went to Hollywood, to become an extra in motion pictures, and Serge returned to Paris, where his two sisters meanwhile had been highly successful.

**The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 34.**

THE elder, Nina, had married an American international lawyer, Charles Huberich, who was often requisitioned in divorce cases by prominent families.

Princess Roussada, the younger, was and is an accomplished sculptress. Her talent has been recognized by Clifford Harmon, who built a fortune on real-estate promotion. Harmon was then organizing the Ligue Internationale des Aviateurs and needed a trophy to figure as an annual award. He gave the commission—and many others subsequently—to Princess Roussada, thus launching her on her way to fame as a sculptress.

Among her mother's closest friends had been the Sert family. José Maria Sert married Roussada. Thus both sisters were now able to assist their brothers. At a family council it was decided that all three of the boys should marry money, Roussada, so Serge told me, being the brains behind the plan. As Paris is one of the social capitals of the world, where rich heiresses are apt to pop up at any moment, it was decided that Serge should stay there, while David did his best among the millionaires in America, and Alexis went to the best school in Paris as a preliminary to his going to Cambridge.

It was just at this moment that Serge, reading the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, nearly choked. There on the front page was a cabled story from Hollywood to the effect that his brother David had married Mae Murray.

A hurried family council was held and it was decided that Serge should go at once to Hollywood to find what all this was about. Serge liked life in the movie colony so well that he stayed there and married another motion-picture actress himself.

The romance of Prince Alexis and Barbara Hutton was old news to me. For more than a year there was a stock phrase used by Serge and David whenever they yearned for something they couldn't afford. The phrase was: "Wait till Alex marries Barbara Hutton!"

Long before the world had any idea of the possibility of a romance between the two, Serge and David discussed it as you or I would talk of "our ship" coming home. When Alex married Barbara, all their troubles (presumably Mae and I were among them) would be settled.

The "romance" really was the result of almost perfect planning on the part of the Mdivani family. The system followed by Serge and David had, in the view of the family, proved a complete washout. Brother Alexis was not going to do anything so foolish as work, you may be sure. He was to be a superplayboy. Some one who wouldn't have to go to work in the morning. Some one who would make his wife his profession.

So Alexis was sent to Cambridge, to which English university it had been ascertained the sons of the richest

American families were sent. Care was taken over his health and he was urged to practice hard the arts and sports most likely to appeal to an idle, wealthy girl.

What an apt student he was is sufficiently proven by his success since. Not yet thirty, he has already married two of the richest girls in the world.

In the first year at Cambridge Alexis was accepted in the fashionable, fast-spending set, which included several Americans, among them the two Van Alen boys. This Georgian prince was a great lad, the Van Alens agreed. He was a gentleman, a sportsman, a good fellow generally. They invited him to visit them in America.

This fitted in with Princess Roussada's plans also. She was having a certain success as a sculptress, but in America her title might get her commissions where her undoubted talent might not.

So the time came when Roussada and Alex steamed away toward the United States.

Their titles and the Van Alen introductions proved an open sesame to the exclusive society of New York, Palm Beach, Newport, and Bar Harbor. Princess Roussada received all the commissions she could execute, and Prince Alexis was received into the Van Alen family.

The daughter of the family, who was heiress to a fortune estimated at some ten million dollars (or so Alexis wrote Serge at the time), was a shy, rather silent but sweet girl named Louise. From what I was able to learn (Serge himself was not kept fully informed), Louise adored the sporting prince from the very first. He asked her to marry him and she eagerly consented. He was her first beau! He certainly made her very happy while it lasted. And she refused him none of the luxurious playthings—ponies, motor boats, automobiles—to which, as a prince, he thought himself entitled.

Alexis himself told me how sweet and generous she was. "She would do anything to make me happy," he said. Several months after he had first met Barbara Hutton in his own home (Barbara was a friend of Louise from childhood), he wanted something else to "make him happy." And sweet Louise Van Alen Mdivani gave him—a divorce.

THE divorce was secret and arranged with great care by the Van Alens and Mdivanis. It was Alexis's brother-in-law, Charles Huberich, who represented Louise!

It was then that we—Serge and I and David and Mae—began to hear about Barbara Hutton. Alexis's rare letters sang the praises of the Woolworth heiress, and "When Alexis marries Barbara" began to be heard wherever the Mdivani princes gathered together.

Shortly after his divorce from Louise, Alexis came from Paris to visit his brothers. One of the first things he did was put $17,000 into the Pacific Shore Oil Company. That seems to indicate that his divorce from the Van Alen heiress had not left him high and dry.

One night I cornered him after dinner. "What's all this about Barbara Hutton?" I asked him.

"She is adorable. I am going to marry her."

"But supposing she won't have you?"

"She will."

"Supposing the family prevent your marrying her?"

"I shall marry her anyway. She is of age. They will have to agree."

"What will you do if she changes her mind?"

"Why," interrupted Serge airily, "in that case he'd remarry Louise! She's still staying with my sister Roussie, you know!"

Alexis didn't say anything to this. I admit that I felt a little sorry for Louise. There was quite an anxious period for the Mdivanis after that, for the Hutton family were apparently making a determined effort to prevent Barbara marrying Alexis.

The Lurline was about to make its maiden voyage around the world. Barbara consented to make the tour. Alexis did not take passage too. His plan, as Serge explained it to me, was to wait until Barbara was bored to death with the sameness of life on shipboard, and then join her. The fact that an Italian count, also a suitor for her hand, was making the trip did not worry Alexis.

"SHE'LL be so fed up with that fellow," explained Serge, "that she'll be glad when she sees Alexis!"

From the day he boarded the Lurline Alexis apparently had the situation well in hand. Serge would receive cables from him. "Have just proposed"—this was from India; "Barbara has consented"—this from Port Said; "Marriage certain"—this from a port in North Africa.

The original idea, I was told, was for the marriage to take place in French North Africa. This alarmed the Huttons, they say, because under the laws of France a husband is entitled to half his wife's fortune if there is no prenuptial division of property. Mr. Hutton agreed to give his consent, providing the wedding was held in Paris "after a suitable arrangement between the parties concerned."

What the "suitable arrangement" was, you know as much as I do. The newspapers say Alexis was paid $250,000 in a lump sum.

When the final cablegram came that the wedding was certain there was quite a celebration in our beach house. The exuberance of the brothers was pardonable. Alexis was to marry Barbara at last. Their ship had come home!

A few weeks later General Zakhary Mdivani died, and Serge and David left for Paris. There, last June, they attended the wedding.

Well, I wish Barbara more luck with her prince than I had with mine. I hope that I meet her some day. I have a wicked notion that my greeting to her will be a phrase borrowed from a well known night-club hostess in New York: "Hello, sucker!"

THE END

Liberty hopes to publish more of Mary McCormic's intimate memoirs during the fall and winter.

## TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—Of what word is bus the contraction?
2—What is a papaw?
3—Where is Mount Ararat where Noah is said to have landed the ark?
4—What is the capital of Mongolia?
5—Who was Elias Howe?
6—How many feet are there in a mile?
7—What is the meaning of the term "hoi polloi"?
8—Where are the Plains of Abraham?
9—What is camwood?
10—What is the significance of Valhalla in Norse mythology?
11—Who was the first president of the first National Woman's Suffrage Association?
12—What strait separates Newfoundland from Cape Breton Island?
13—What was the Jacobin Club?
14—What does *alma mater* mean?
15—Who wrote Tam o' Shanter?
16—How long did Queen Victoria reign?
17—What are the five towns made famous in Arnold Bennett's novels?
18—What is a *coleta?*
19—Of what country is Addis Ababa the capital?
20—Who was Iris?

*(Answers will be found on page 54)*

# The Crucible of

## A WOMAN SENT HIM HE STAYED TO

*(Reading time: 26 minutes 16 seconds.)*

BILL COLE glanced down at his wrist watch. It was noon. From his blouse pocket he pulled out a whistle and blew a short shrill blast, at the same time holding his left hand high over his head.

Behind him the company halted. A machine-gun crew methodically followed him to a breast-high inclosure of stone on the right of the trail, built to shelter passing caravans. Without orders, they set up their gun.

A hundred yards ahead a lone Legionnaire, the connecting link with his advance guard, stood fast on the trail and waited. Cole waved his right arm, and the olive-drab figure seated himself on a stone and instantly blended into the surrounding terrain of the High Atlas.

They would rest there thirty minutes, and then take up the kilometer-eating pace they had started at four o'clock that morning, when, after forty-eight hours of silence from the Poste Mahabedian, the colonel had decided that something was wrong and ordered out the battalion. If all went well they would be within rifle shot of Captain Mahabedian and his outpost late that afternoon.

As he unslung his binoculars Cole looked back and saw that the sergeants were going along the line, inspecting the men and mules that carried the machine guns and ammunition. The radio mule came up, led by a German corporal, and at a nod from Cole the German started to unpack his apparatus.

A couple of miles away, high up on a hill, smoke rose from a small *kasbah*. That smoke was probably a signal, for by now everyone in that section of the High Atlas knew that the Sixth Battalion of the Fourth Regiment of the Légion Etrangère was on the march. And they knew, too, that these olive-drab men were set for action.

Cole loosened the laces of his high field boots, undid the flap of his holster and withdrew a heavy American automatic. "Get battalion when you're working," he told the radio corporal, as he released the clip of steel-nosed .45s, carefully wiped the red Sahara dust from his piece, and put it back in the holster. The lieutenant's orderly had ground the coffee, and set a small pile of twigs blazing. The radio corporal cried:

"I only get Marrakesh talking with Casablanca. I am calling battalion as you ordered, *mon lieutenant*."

Cole cursed the laxity of the main body's radio section. Only a mountain range separated his company from the rest of the battalion, but if trouble came it might as well be a continent.

A white prayer flag was being hoisted over the mosque in the little *kasbah*. The droning "*Al-lah—Al-lah—Al-lah il Akbar*" of the muezzin boomed hollowly across the silent *bled*. Then suddenly a whistle sounded. A hundred yards up the trail the lone Legionnaire, connecting link between Cole and the advance guard, held up both hands. Cole answered with arms overhead. Some message was coming from the *adjudant* in command of the guard a quarter of a mile ahead.

Holding his rifle butt upward, the soldier wigwagged the message. Cole read it and wheeled on the radio corporal.

"Got battalion?" he snapped.

"*Oui, mon lieutenant.* But this moment," said the operator, grasping the key.

"*Bien!*" Cole told him. "Send this message:

"'My point reports contact sixteen wounded from Poste Mahabedian. Five on stretchers. Will stand fast until they reach me. Please acknowledge.'"

A minute later came back one word, "Received." It was signed by Moreau, the commandant.

Like so many automatons, the men in the little barricade had jumped to their stations. The machine gun was manned, and down the trail Cole saw out of the corner of his eye that the rest of the company was lying in the prone firing position, the sun gleaming now and then as a bayoneted rifle shifted.

"Get me Sergeant Peltz," he said, turning to his orderly.

Once, in Vienna—before he left rather suddenly and showed up at Sidi-bel-Abbès as a soldier of the Legion—Peltz had been rated a great surgeon. He strode briskly up to the lieutenant, a great brown bag slung from his shoulder. In spite of the march he was dapper. His uniform was tailored; his hands slender and well kept. He saluted with a click of his heels and waited.

"Wounded coming down, Peltz," Cole told him. "Better set up for business. Five stretcher cases."

Peltz unslung the bag and opened it, laying out a compact field medical kit. Then he took off his blouse, folded it carefully, and laid it beside the bag. Bare to the waist, for he wore no undershirt, he looked up at Cole.

"This may be a bit bloody, *mon lieutenant*," he said with a slight smile, "and that is the best blouse I have here."

COLE lighted a cigarette and looked out across the *bled*. He saw one of his own men appear, rifle slung over his shoulder, his arm around an olive-drab figure that stumbled as it walked. Behind them came others—

A limping figure reeled up and tried to stand at attention. There were green corporal's chevrons on his sleeve cuffs, and the right one was stained brown with blood.

"Capitaine Mahabedian orders me to report with wounded, *mon lieutenant*," he said slowly. "He sent us away last night before the post was entirely surrounded."

Cole asked quietly, "And today, *mon petit?*"

The Legionnaire's eyes widened. He heaved his shoulders in a shrug.

"Today—now—it is probably over. The whole Beni Marka attacked, and since then others have joined. You know the post. It is a temporary one. And they had machine guns. No doubt they are inside by now!"

Cole swore softly under his breath. Tough if Mahabedian should be going to his last formation. Bill Cole liked the big, ferocious-looking Syrian, born in Egypt, educated at Oxford, and for some unknown reason up through the ranks to a captaincy in the Légion Etrangère.

"What happened to your radio?" he asked sharply. "Why didn't you answer with the helio?"

"They got them both almost at once," the wounded corporal replied. He was seated now, drawing great lungfuls of smoke from a cigarette someone had passed him. "Their machine guns, *mon lieutenant*, first smashed our radio, then broke the mirrors of the helio."

Cole nodded. The radio corporal was listening intently, his hand near the key. He turned about.

"Good news, *mon lieutenant*," he called. "The commandant has asked Marrakesh to send up the planes to

By LEIGHTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

# Courage

## INTO THE LEGION AND BECOME A HERO

*A sudden hush as the leader raised his baton.*

lay a few eggs, and the colonel has agreed."

A few yards away Peltz was bending down over the men lying on blankets swung between two rifles—the stretchers of the front line. Peltz was working like a machine, his operating table a dirty brown issue blanket, his operating theater the red rock of the High Atlas. A quick swab with an alcohol sponge across the back of a wounded man, and the antitetanus was shot in. Next, the hypo of morphia.

Cole walked from man to man as they lay on the ground. Most of them were unconscious. Peltz, looking like a butcher on a busy day, did not look up as the lieutenant came up to where he was making ready to operate on his fourth man.

He glanced down at the Legionnaire who lay beneath the scalpel, saw that his eyes were wide open and alert as Peltz turned him over after the antitetanus injection. He was badly hit, this one, but his mouth was set in a hard, grim line.

There was something familiar about him too, and Cole stooped over. "Von Klinder!" he cried softly.

Peltz was cutting away the O. D. blouse now, exposing a line of ugly blue bullet holes in the man's stomach and chest. The little fellow winced as a probe went into one of his wounds. Then he smiled sadly.

"Yess," he said, with a wry quirk of his delicate mouth, "it iss von Klinder—von Klinder in a dirty blouse, and much the worse for most dis-gracefully brawling with the natives. For my dishevelment, *Herr Leutnant,* I apologize."

Cole frowned his perplexity. Von Klinder—the musician—the bandsman—out here in the Atlas, a thousand miles from his piano—and his orchestra in Sidi-bel-Abbès.

"WHAT are you doing at the front?" he demanded. "Members of the symphony don't have to come into the lines!"

"True," said von Klinder. "They did not send me. I asked for a transfer to the *compagnie passage.*"

"When you had it soft down in Bel-Abbès?" Cole dropped his cigarette and stamped it into the sand. "What's the idea?"

The little Teuton's eyes hardened. "I tried to write a symphony," he said slowly, "a song of war—of battle. They told me—me, von Klinder—that I had better go and write lullabies. What did I know of war—I, a bandsman?"

A smile flickered on his lips.

"But now maybe I know a little something—*hein?*"

Cole looked down at the pain-racked body and nodded—slowly—understandingly. "What about Hilda?" he asked. "Does she know?"

"She knew—after I had asked for a transfer to Morocco." His voice broke a little. "If I go, please tell her that I died like a gentleman. And my little villa at Bel-Abbès—you will see that she gets it?"

Peltz was shooting in a second hypo. Cole took off his jelab and pushed it, folded, under the little fellow's head.

"Hell," he said gruffly, "don't talk about going. You'll be writing symphonies in Bel-Abbès long after the rest of us poor devils have finished our dancing up here in the Atlas."

Light flickered momentarily in von Klinder's eyes. "Dancing in the Atlas," he murmured dreamily. "Ah—but you have the gift of words, *Herr Leutnant.*"

Cole walked away frowning. It looked as though von Klinder's number was up. There was resignation in the look Peltz had flashed him when the little fellow's eyes were in another direction. Was this, then, to be the end of the story—the story whose unfolding he had watched for four long, weary years?

H. BLOOD

DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Four years ago, almost to the day, a thin, tanned little man stood, kepi in hand, before the *chef de musique* of the *premier* band of the Légion Etrangère. He stood rigidly as the *chef* seated himself behind his worn desk in the great hall and eyed him up and down. The little fellow's face was drawn and haggard under its tan, his hands were rough and blistered. The bitter grind of six months' training at Saïda had left its mark.

The *chef de musique* was tough—a hulking Frenchman with a fat face and sweeping black mustaches. He poked an accusing finger at a page of the service record, held up for the little man's better view.

"So," he growled, "you say when you enlist that you are a musician."

Von Klinder nodded.

The *chef de musique* laughed boisterously. "So do many say, *mon petit,* who hope for an easy detail in the band where there are no Berber bullets to dodge, nor anything else to do but play twice a week for the officers. Well—speak up—what can you play, now?"

"Have you a piano?" von Klinder asked quietly. At Saïda he had learned to respect rank, and the *chef* wore the three gold *galons* of a captain on his khaki blouse.

"*Mais oui,* a piano!" The *chef* snorted. "Also, I suppose you know how to knit. *Bien!* We have a piano—the best that Legion money can buy. Come with me. And if I find that you have wasted my time, you will go out in the next draft to Syria or Morocco."

HE led the way to the Officers' Club, a great building surrounded by gardens. Inside, in a ballroom, stood a grand piano.

"There is a piano. Play." The *chef de musique* sprawled in a chair and lighted a cigarette. "And, mind, I know music, *mon petit.*"

Von Klinder sat down and struck a few soft chords. Those months at Saïda had been rough on his hands, but gradually he warmed to the feeling of ivory under his fingers. Then, suddenly, he started to play.

The *chef de musique* sat up in his chair. His cigarette fell unnoticed from his hand. Tone—technique—feeling—all were there, rippling out from under the flying fingers of the little brown man in the ill-fitting khaki uniform. He was listening to a master—such a one as he had not heard in all his days with the Legion.

Von Klinder played on for perhaps fifteen minutes, while the *chef's* cigarette burned a brown hole in the parquet floor. Then he stopped as suddenly as he had started, turned around, and stood at attention.

The *chef de musique* leaped to his feet. "*Bravo! Bravo, mon petit!*" he cried. "You will stay here with me."

His arm was around the little fellow's shoulder, and his face was beaming. Then, suddenly, it became grave again as he looked long and hard at von Klinder. Who was this one who could make a piano talk—could play whole movements of symphonies from memory after being six months away from a piano? Somewhere—under another name, no doubt—he had been a *maestro*—a great one of music. Why, then, was he here, tossing away his life in the Army of the Forgotten and the Damned? "*Eh bien!*" The *chef* shrugged and let it go at that. People may tell things in the Legion, but no one ever asks questions.

That part of the story Bill Cole had heard from the *chef de musique* himself over a bottle of pernod in the Officers' Club. The rest he got months later when he struck up a strange friendship with the little fellow whom a year of expatriation had made eager to talk to an American. Von Klinder was a favored person by then—he had a neat little villa on the outskirts of the European section. There Cole met Hilda, the Helen of this modern Iliad.

*It was man to man now—hand-to-hand work with bayonet and gun butt; the Berbers fighting with knives.*

IT was all very simple, and in Europe it would have caused no stir. But in staid Boston, where von Klinder was conductor of the Symphony, it was headlines.

Von Klinder had fallen in love with Hilda, the wife of one of the members of his orchestra. Came a duel on the Charles bank at dawn—and then the police. Von Klinder and Hilda fled in the little musician's car.

In New York they sold the motor, and learned that though the husband was not dead, the police were still seeking them. A third-class passage to France, then the haunting fear that the Sûreté Générale would find them. Hilda went to her parents in Vienna, and von Klinder, like a hunted deer, fled to the ranks of the Legion.

Later there had been a divorce. Hilda came to Algeria, and they were married. He was doing well in the Legion, thanks to the *chef de musique,* by giving music lessons to the wives and children of officers who, when it was whispered about that here was a man whom two continents had hailed, were only too willing to employ him.

Then, shortly before Cole left Bel-Abbès, he had been bitten by a "bug." He would write a great symphony—the song of the Legion.

What had happened thereafter Cole could guess. A symphony written. Music, but not great music. Who was von Klinder to write of the Legion—von Klinder, a musician—a newcomer—practically a *bleu?* Came the jeers of envious bandsmen; the taunts of the permanent details at Bel-Abbès. Even his friend, the *chef de musique,* turned against him—telling him to go and write lullabies.

A rankling in the little fellow's sensitive soul. The application for transfer. Long weeks at the front—and then the bloody episode, punctured with a ragged row of machine-gun bullets. Tough if they were periods, those bullets, instead of commas. Tough if they meant the end of poor little von Klinder. Tough if still another tale of the Legion should go down on the books with an unhappy ending!

PELTZ was bandaging his last man. Bill Cole turned his back on the sun-scorched *bled.*

"Tell battalion we move," he snapped at the radio corporal.

He moved slowly along the line, observing the feet of his men. The old-timers were sockless and looked fit, but some of the *bleus*—the recruits—were all in. Well, they'd have to stand it. Mahabedian must be about at the end of his rope. Sending out his wounded had been a last, brash gesture. It must be *pas gymnastique* now—double time until they made contact with the Berbers.

He called his sergeants together—stolid, dependable Germans, all of them.

"We march double time," he said grimly. "We reach Mahabedian by two o'clock. Machine-gun sections will protect the rest of the company when it makes the charge. It is to be bayonets, understand?"

They nodded.

"We will be outnumbered," he went on, "but the battalion is right behind us. Detail the weakest men to stay back with the mules when they founder, and the strongest to carry the machine guns and radio. That is all."

Peltz was washing his instruments in alcohol when he returned.

"Ready as soon as the mules are, *mon lieutenant,*" he said easily.

COLE pulled out his whistle and blew a shrill blast. The men jumped for the mules and started to make fast their burdens of machine guns and ammunition. He stood watching for a moment, his thumbs hooked into his belt. Then he walked over to where von Klinder lay.

"We go for a little promenade, *mon petit,*" he said in French. "Battalion will be along presently to take care of you." Then, in English, "See you in Bel-Abbès."

He turned on his heel, blew his whistle, and moved his right arm up and down swiftly, his fingers closed into a fist. The olive-drab ranks responded. The *pas gymnastique* was on!

The mules gave out at one thirty. Like clockwork, the machine guns came off the packs and on to the shoulders of men. The radio equipment was distributed. The men were ready again—ready, but panting. The sergeants gathered around Cole for final instructions. This would be their last halt. From now on the rapid grueling trot would be uninterrupted.

"Don't let any damned fool throw away his pack," Cole told them. "And see that all bayonets are set. That's all. Follow me."

Once more the pace was set. They topped a long hill on the caravan trail, skirted another and started to climb a third. Up ahead they heard the spat of a rifle, and Cole smiled grimly. Mahabedian was holding on!

The lone shot swelled into a desultory rattle. They topped the rise and stood looking over the field of battle.

Two hundred yards away, out of a rock-studded field swarming with brown burnoose-clad figures, rose the Poste Mahabedian, perched on the top of a little hill, its stone walls shining redly, the tricolor of France still floating from the bastion at the left of the big gate.

Cole turned to his *ordonnance,* who was also his bugler.

"Blow the charge," he ordered. "Blow your damn' head off and keep coming."

The shrill blood-freezing notes of the Charge of the Legion echoed across the *bled.* Behind him the machine-gun sections fell out of line and took up positions.

Cole, whistle at mouth, raised his right hand and signaled the charge. Fifty rifles lowered. From fifty throats came the roar of the kill. Four abreast they

swept down the hill, their two-foot needle-pointed bayonets gleaming brightly in the sunlight.

The roar of gunfire swelled from the enemy ranks as the Berbers turned their attention to the charging company. Little spurts of red dust began kicking up around them. Now and then a man fell—the dead to lie still, the wounded to push their packs in front of them and return the Berber fire.

Far ahead a little row of dust spots sprouted. Followed a staccato chatter. Then, just over the heads of the Legionnaires came the sound of a million droning bees. The machine guns at last!

The Berber ranks ahead thinned and wavered. Then the barrage lifted. Ahead, they were massing again to meet the charge.

The machine guns were covering the flanks now, mowing down the Berbers to right and left. Out of the corner of his eye Cole saw them dropping, and smiled grimly. Allah would have many new recruits before this day was done.

Ten paces—five paces—then they crashed into the Berber ranks. For an instant—the merest flicker of an eyelash—the brown mass of burnooses reeled from the momentum of the charge. Then it steadied.

It was man to man now—hand-to-hand work with bayonet and gun butt; the Berbers fighting back with knives and clubbed rifles. Bill Cole's automatic spat and a brown man fell. The bugler's bayonet had gone home in a saddle-colored throat. They were right in the thick of the enemy now, hacking and jabbing their way toward the post gate. Cole's clip emptied and he slipped in another. All about him his men were falling, but the olive-drab files were still coming on.

Suddenly the Berbers faltered—broke! Cole emptied his pistol at scuttling brown figures that seemed to melt into the earth before his swimming eyes. Then, gasping for breath, he jammed the gun back in its holster and plunged on.

He was under the walls of the post now. The great wooden gates were swinging open.

Another minute and he was safe inside.

His men came straggling in behind him. Cole counted them mechanically as they passed. Thirty-eight! Twelve lost out of fifty! Not bad. Not bad at all for an afternoon stroll through five thousand peevish natives!

He tore a blouse from a dead Legionnaire and wig-wagged the machine guns. They would move in, one section covering the other, picking up the wounded as they came.

Cole turned and walked past the sentry box into the post yard. The smell of war—the cloying stink of blood, the gassy reek of burned powder, that Fourth-of-July-in-a-meat-market fragrance—was in his nostrils.

INSIDE the yard it was worse. Ground furrowed, wood splintered, stonework freshly scarred and pitted by rifle and machine-gun fire. Dead men in neat, orderly rows lay baking in the sun along the farther wall. On the other side, in the shade, the wounded—fifty-odd of them—sprawling, smoking, groaning, grinning. Above, still crouched on the firing platform, a scant dozen sweat-and-blood-drenched men, still playing the game of Pop the Berber. Mahabedian's losses must have been tremendous.

A tall sergeant, blood soaking his left side from the shoulder down, came up and clicked his heels, Prussian fashion.

"Capitaine Mahabedian awaits you at the machine-gun post, *mon lieutenant.*"

Cole nodded, barked orders to his men to man the firing platforms, and followed the sergeant up a narrow flight of stone stairs. Beside a badly overheated machine gun sat Mahabedian, his great mustache drooping, his tanned face looking old and tired. He smiled up at Cole and raised a bloody right hand from which three fingers had been shot away and then hacked off at the stumps by a Legionnaire's knife. The remaining thumb and forefinger still grasped the famous short blackjack riding crop that Mahabedian had carried incessantly for as far back as the Legion could remember.

"Sorry to have been such a beastly nuisance," he said in his clipped Oxford lingo. "Been having a bit of a party though, and we're no end glad to see you. I say, Cole, got 'ny American cigarettes? Had nothing but these ghastly Moroccan things for going on to three weeks."

Cole lighted two cigarettes and passed one to Mahabedian. The Syrian took it between a bloody thumb and forefinger and put it in his mouth. When the hand came away there was

*A quick swab with an alcohol sponge, and the anti-tetanus was shot in. Next, the hypo of morphia.*

blood streaking his mustache. Cole took a long drag on his own cigarette. "What the hell happened?" he asked.

Mahabedian shrugged. "What I'd like to know," he said simply. "Just popped up like rabbits out of a hat. Got the patrol—God knows what happened to them, poor devils. Then they came after us. Got the radio and helio first thing—with machine guns. These Berber Johnnies are getting too damned bright. I say, did you lose many getting in?"

"About a dozen."

"Not bad—not at all bad."

Cole looked out over the edge of the firing platform. Down in the yard the radio corporal was getting the set in order.

"Want to send off anything?" Cole asked Mahabedian.

The Syrian grunted. "The usual thing," he said. "Nine men left. Seventy-one wounded. Forty dead. Five thousand Berbers. Go ahead—it's your radio."

Cole rose, went to the edge of the platform and shouted down the message to his radio corporal. Then he returned to the machine gun.

"Planes ought to be along any minute now," he said. "Oh, say"—he caught sight of Mahabedian's still bleeding hand—"I'll get Peltz up here to look over that paw of yours."

Mahabedian waved him back. "Let him stay with the men," he said. "I've been shot before, but some of the *bleus* are taking it pretty hard. Oh, I say, did you get those wounded I sent out last night?"

Cole nodded. "Gave them first aid and left them for the battalion. Oh, by the way, I knew one of those chaps—von Klinder."

Rapidly Cole sketched the story of the little bandsman and the ill-fated symphony. When he was through, Mahabedian's old eyes were shining.

"So they called the little chap a slacker, eh?" he said, talking slowly, as if to himself. "I say, Cole, see the ruddy old tricolor floating up there on the bastion? They shot it down three times, and each time von Klinder crawled up there and nailed it fast again. The third time they shot him up most damnably. Told the little fool not to do it; but, I say, they just can't call him a slacker, you know. I'm recommending him for the Médaille Militaire, and I jolly well know they'll give it to him. You know these French"—this with the conscious superiority of an officer of the foreign *cadre*—"they're no end sentimental about their flag.

"So he was a symphony conductor, hey? Bah! He's just another damned *cafard* soldier."

THERE sounded a distant purr of motors and the cry of *"Avions! Avions!"* from the men in the yard. Overhead came the big Farmans, the squadron leader wangling his wings. A swift maneuver, and down came the bombs—"eggs"—laid where the Berbers were the thickest. In the rear cockpits, machine guns were spraying the terrain as the planes swung again and again in wide circles over the field. Then, as swiftly as they had come, they were off again.

Mahabedian turned to Cole.

"Battalion ought to get here by nightfall," he said, "then the show will go on."

"Another rigadoon in the High Atlas," said Cole softly. "Too bad little von Klinder can't be here to see it."

A year passed. The relief of the Poste Mahabedian had been forgotten. Other posts had been in desperate straits since then, and still others would be tomorrow. Bill Cole, transferred to staff duty in Algeria, rode down from Oran to an officers' *gala* at Sidi-bel-Abbès.

The main ballroom of the Legion's club was packed. Colonel Rollet, the senior commanding officer, was there in a cheap khaki uniform ablaze with a score of decorations. There was much talk and handshaking and popping of champagne corks.

A friendly blackjack riding crop smote Cole in the middle of the back, and he turned to face a haggard Mahabedian.

"So they haven't killed the Limy Syrian yet?" Cole chuckled. "Come on over and sit down with a bunch of white men who talk English, and see if Bel-Abbès champagne can't finish the job the Berbers started."

Mahabedian followed. At a table in the corner glasses were filled. Charlekoff, the Georgian prince, told of two years' fighting in Tonkin; D'Alegan, the Pole, a ribald story of a Druse chieftain with an illegal number of wives; Mahabedian of his ten months in the hospital, and of his right arm, now stiff for life.

"It is rather a joke, after all," he told them. "You see, they have had to issue an order of the army that Mahabedian can salute with his left hand. That's more than any of the rest of you can boast about."

The *chef de musique*, all aglitter in his captain's dress uniform, had left his place and was talking with the colonel. Now the colonel was standing, rapping sharply on his champagne glass. The great room became quiet.

"OUR *chef de musique*," he said gravely, "has just told me a little story that concerns two officers present and the second leader of the band. I have given my permission for the playing of a new symphony, called Dance of the Atlas, which will be dedicated to these two officers. They will both know and understand. Perhaps we all will understand as well."

The colonel sat down, and a small thin soldier of the Legion stepped to the conductor's platform. On his left breast he wore the Médaille Militaire, that highest honor of the French service that can be bestowed only on an enlisted man—or a marshal of France. He rapped once sharply, and the sixty men in the orchestra became tense. The *chef de musique* sat down with a smile.

With the first notes of the orchestra the room became quiet. There was something reminiscent in the strains.

First there was the hurly-burly of the *compagnie passage*, then the long bitter hike into the back of beyond, the endless minor duties, and the skirmishes with the Berbers.

Then the orchestra livened. A post in trouble! The rattle of gunfire and men falling. Night, and the wounded being hurried off on the backs of comrades. Now the music became soft and melancholy. Men staggering across the endless *bled*. The ministrations of the doctor. Then the hurried beat of the *pas gymnastique*. It was all there. Every last damned bit of it.

A sudden hush as the leader raised his baton. From the rear of the orchestra twenty buglers rose, and the Charge of the Legion blared forth from as many trumpets. There was a mighty shout. Men without nerves, the hard-boiled officers of the Foreign Legion, leaped to their feet and cheered. Little von Klinder had them. This was meat—raw meat; a tale they knew all too well, told by a man who knew it as well as they.

Mahabedian was on his feet with the rest, his right arm swinging listlessly at his side. He tried to shout, but his voice was husky. Bill Cole was standing beside him.

"A great conductor, von Klinder," Mahabedian said slowly.

Bill Cole smiled back at him through dimming eyes.

"Naw," he said. "Just another damned *cafard* soldier."

THE END

*Next Week—*

BEGINNING

KICK-OFF

The Private Life of Ernie Nevers, All-Time All-America Football Star

as told to

Lowell Thomas

Also

Another

FATHER BROWN

Detective Thriller

By

G. K. Chesterton

# Why Foreigners

## An American Traveler Asks Some Questions and Gently Explores the European Mind

*(Reading time: 19 minutes 25 seconds.)*

AS far as the eye could reach blue waves lolled and rolled lazily. In the deck chair next mine sat an Englishman of distinguished appearance, graduate of an excellent college, a man who had served as an officer throughout the World War and before that in India. He was returning to his native land after several months of travel in the United States, and he had enjoyed a most delightful visit. Everywhere he had encountered hospitality that amazed him.

"Such trains!" he exclaimed. "So comfortable! I liked those magnificent carriages. Pullmans, what? And the dining cars! Everything in the world to eat. Well cooked—well served. I liked the black boys. So efficient, and always smiling. Everyone calls them 'George,' what? They like it. Great fellows. Nice, wide carriages—ample aisles—roomy. Not like our little English trains. But slow, what? Took us five days to cross the country. Yes, a bit slow."

I ventured to inquire just which trains he had traveled on. To summarize his answers, all the trains had been the best and fastest. Their schedules call for fifty miles an hour or upward, and surely during his months of travel he must frequently have been bowling along at nearly seventy miles an hour. I ventured to assert as much. There were many railway time-tables in the purser's office; I offered to get some of them and show him, because it was now evident that he had no idea of the distances between the various cities he had visited. Together we examined the time-tables and he was amazed. Indeed, he remained incredulous. Were these English miles? Or some Yankee notion of a mile? I assured him that they were English miles and that he had done a great deal of his traveling at sixty miles an hour.

"But they couldn't do that," he protested. "It's impossible."

"Why impossible?" I asked.

"The trains are too heavy. You should see the locomotives. Giant fellows. Not built for speed, my dear chap. No, they couldn't do that. Now, English trains are not so comfortable but very fast. Built for it. Light. You'll see when we reach Liverpool." Thus the discussion ended with my English friend as thoroughly conscious of victory as though the time-tables had proved his point. He was a delightful traveling companion, and since nothing we said in mid-Atlantic would alter the facts, nor would anything be gained by convincing him, I let it go at that.

Later I saw at once what had deceived him. English railway carriages are even smaller and lighter than I had imagined, but are well sprung, to use the term of the coach maker. The secret of their excellence is in the springs. They ride the rails securely at great speed, but they vibrate. American trains, being vastly heavier, do not communicate the sense of speed to passengers.

At first I treasured this incident as simply amusing; later, as a long succession of similar ones piled up, I was not so sure. Indeed, it seemed to me that something fundamentally important in its bearing upon international relations was here disclosed. But let's have the evidence first and the comment in due season.

On arriving in London I promptly booked seats for several sight-seeing trips. On the first of these very pleasant bus journeys I was agreeably surprised to hear excellent English spoken through a megaphone by the man in charge. I do not recall ever having heard excellent English spoken through a megaphone before. We went that day to Eton, among many other places, and the guide showed me his own name carved in the panel

BY CHESTER

# Do *Not* Like Us

*The size was not found. Here, however, was the next smaller size, and after the first washing the gloves would stretch and would be exactly right.*

*Illustrations by* HUBERT MATHIEU

above a staircase. He had been a student there. Financial reverses suffered during the World War accounted for his present occupation.

As guide and lecturer for such a trip I have never met his equal, nor do I expect to. The man interested me and I made it a point to be near him when we stopped for luncheon and at two historic "pubs." I wanted to know why he had called attention with such marked emphasis to a hotel then under construction. He had described the structure as "enormous" and repeated four times the statement that it would have two thousand rooms when completed. He actually rolled his eyes when he said "enormous" as though even that generous word were insufficient to convey his meaning.

Now, most of his passengers that day were Americans, and beyond question they usually are. I asked him if he was not aware that a hotel of two thousand rooms would not be described in the United States as enormous. Yes, he knew that. I indicated curiosity as to whether some of his American clients did not sometimes snicker at his "enormous." Yes, he said; they did. He was a jolly, broad-minded person whom fate had already used so roughly that a little snickering could be borne without heartbreak. I liked him immensely, and respected his attitude toward his work. Still, I wanted to know why a man of his education and broad experience would go on calling a thing "enormous" when to his hearers it couldn't possibly be so regarded. He had to explore his own mind to find answers. We went at this investigation with the aid of good ale and good will and finally we uncovered the basic truth. Here it is:

A hotel of two thousand rooms in London is enormous; a hotel of two thousand rooms elsewhere is neither enormous nor small nor medium-sized nor anything else. If it isn't in London it doesn't count. As a matter of fact it is highly improbable, but certainly of no importance whatever. Having thus clarified the point, he took it for granted that I would agree heartily that he should go right on calling the new structure enormous.

LIKE most Americans who visit London I wanted a suit of English clothes and had provided myself with the name and address of a tailoring establishment. Just to look at the bolts of cloth in this place was a pleasure, and to feel them a delight. One could shut his eyes and not go wrong. Everything they had in stock was good. But I discovered that the cloth they ordinarily use was too heavy. In our steam-heated buildings one would be uncomfortable in an English suit. But there was a quite simple way out of the difficulty. They have what they call tropical weights; if the tailor would oblige me by making a suit of the lighter cloth I would have exactly what I wanted. However, they have their own ideas on the subject of suits made of the lighter cloth. It is cut along different lines, something light and baggy, not supposed to fit as the heavier suits do.

I explained again about the American climate and American central heating. A queer expression came over the clerk's face, as if I had said something rude. I was puzzled. He was a very competent clerk, as most English clerks are; they are at least one octave less aggressive than American salesmen, and I like that. It seemed strange to me, under the circumstances, that we couldn't transact business with entire ease. Nevertheless we couldn't. And we didn't.

The crux of the difficulty dawned upon me rather slowly. It was that a foreigner is supposed to go to that establishment to find out for the first time what clothes are and how to wear them. When you tell about conditions in some silly foreign country, you are making an

ass of yourself. The clothing they manufacture is "British and Best" and if you are fortunate enough to acquire an outfit of it you should go home and change your absurd climate to accord with your new sartorial estate. That's that; and if you pass up the opportunity you have their permission to dress in your native skins and feathers and look like a clown the rest of your life.

But don't for a moment think that this point of view is expressed haughtily or unkindly. Nothing but courtesy flows from your obliging clerk. He is not high-hat or angry; he is not endeavoring to charge extra for an unusual service; he wouldn't cheat you for worlds; he is there to transform you from a barbarian into a well dressed gentleman. If you request something else he is the injured person; you have misunderstood his mission and he will get rid of you politely and with kindness, indeed with real pity. Clothing, in short, is what is worn in London. Everything else is a native costume.

The French point of view is fundamentally the same and we are coming to that presently. England is no more provincial than the rest of Europe; I begin with the English simply because I landed in Liverpool.

In London I encountered a few groups of Americans, and I soon found myself enjoying the horror of the English as they heard familiar words mispronounced. It causes them deep and visible pain to learn that the earth is infested with persons who do not know that Charwell is Cherrell; Clayhanger, Clanger; Cholmondeley, Chumley; and Magdalen, Maudlin. These things are so self-evident that they do not see how anyone could make an error.

*Clothing is what is worn in London.*

In a distinguished London club I was asked if I had yet experienced the pleasure of riding in the underground. I had, and took occasion to praise the comfortable cars. It seemed unimportant to mention the fact that the London underground comprises two circles, one inside the other, and that you invariably change cars some place or other, with the result that I was lost nine tenths of the time. "The nice thing about the London underground," my hospitable English friend remarked, "is that you simply can't get lost in it. So different from the New York subways. I was lost in them all of the time." My only comment is that I stand willing to eat the rails of any underground railway in which a stranger cannot get lost.

BUT another member of that delightful and friendly club furnished the all-time high—for me at least—when he remarked that "of all the Christian nations only England has a Christlike history. For every advance of civilization to new heights of idealism she has suffered the price of crucifixion." And this was a man who is acquainted with the world's literature and has decidedly more than a smattering of its history. No wonder American tourists make themselves unpopular by referring to the United States as "God's Country."

My friend Bruce Bliven, editor of the New Republic, brings back what I regard as the perfect English story. He was in London at the time Great Britain abandoned the gold standard. The pound was tumbling literally by the hour, with brief rallies. In the midst of this financial disturbance he applied to the cashier of his hotel for some English money, offering in exchange dollars. The cashier was very sorry, but the hotel really couldn't accommodate Mr. Bliven for a reason that must be apparent to him, since anyone could see, as the cashier apologetically explained, that quotations on the dollar were bouncing around in such an absurd manner that the hotel would not be justified in taking the risk.

When the time came for me to leave London and go to France I toyed with the idea of flying. However, I made the error of communicating my intention to some French as well as English friends. The French, after looking stealthily about to make sure that we were alone, whispered: "Don't take an English plane. They fall in the Channel every other trip. If you entertain any hope of seeing Paris, take a French plane." Whereas my English friends whispered: "Be sure to take an English plane, and don't think the advice is prompted by patriotism. God only knows why the French maintain an air service across the Channel—they certainly don't know how to fly. They hush it up, but the fact is that very few of their planes ever arrive at their destinations."

THE result was that I went by boat, as miserable a trip as I have ever suffered. The fact is that both air services have excellent records, but it is very difficult to laugh off such a whispering campaign, especially when the whisperers are absolutely honest in their belief and sincerely endeavoring to save your life.

In Paris I was an amused bystander while my wife purchased several pairs of gloves. The clerk, a bright-eyed, good-looking young woman, placed boxes of gloves on the counter and began with nimble fingers to search for the requested size. It was not there. She was sorry, but here, madame, was the next size, and after the first washing the gloves would shrink; then they would be exactly right. She began to wrap the gloves in tissue paper. But no; no sale. She shrugged her shoulders and replaced the gloves. Other sizes were wanted, however; would she look for another? Certainly, and another search began. Again the requested size was not found. Here, however, was the next smaller size, madame, and after the first washing the gloves would stretch and then they would be exactly right.

Since both of these explanations referred to identically the same material, I could not restrain my laughter. The clerk looked at me and grinned mischievously. Then she looked at madame, and to her dismay madame was turning to go. It began to look like no sale. Something would have to be done. One moment, please! She dispatched an assistant to bring other boxes of gloves. The assistant hastened to an adjoining counter less than twenty feet away, seized four boxes of gloves, and returned. Elapsed time, about fifteen seconds. Exploration of the new boxes at once disclosed the requested sizes.

The bright-eyed clerk smiled. All was friendliness and good will. Of course, if she could have sold the wrong sizes, that would have saved time and trouble. Why bother about Americans? They'd probably eat the gloves, anyway, or wear them on their feet. One sale and out seems to

*(Continued on page twenty-four)*

GRAPE=NUTS FLAKES CONTAINS A RICH SUPPLY OF VARIED NOURISHMENT!
FORGET THE BIG WORDS- I LIKE IT 'CAUSE IT TASTES SO GOOD!
Grape-Nuts Flakes

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

# Have you tried this delicious cereal sensation?

IMAGINE a flake cereal crinkly as popcorn—sweet as a nut—and with a golden-honey color. *That's Grape-Nuts Flakes!* That's the dish that thousands have made the "pet" of the breakfast table.

And not alone for flavor! Grape-Nuts Flakes provide real nourishment! Served with milk or cream, *one serving gives you more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!* . . . Try Grape-Nuts Flakes—*now,* tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it. Grape-Nuts Flakes is a product of General Foods. Don't miss the fascinating Grape-Nuts Flakes show—Foods and Agricultural Building, Chicago, World's Fair.

# Grape-Nuts Flakes

THE NEW COMPANION CEREAL TO FAMOUS GRAPE-NUTS

*(Continued from page twenty-two)* be the common practice. Apparently the foreign customer is not assumed to be even ordinarily bright-witted.

So far as my personal experience furnished a guide, the petty sharp practices of the French tradespeople seemed not to be based upon dishonesty but rather upon a deep conviction that the visiting foreigner was slightly idiotic anyway; was probably there only for the pleasure of parting with his money; and what difference would the details make? If he insists, errors are pleasantly corrected.

One of my most interesting evenings in Paris was spent with a group of French journalists, most of whom had served in the French army during the war. Early in our discussion I endeared myself to them by asking confidentially whether the American army had been of any great value.

I could see at once that this established me as a man of considerable intelligence. They are more accustomed to being insulted by boorish tourists who entertain no doubts whatever on this subject. Their composite answer was that, on the whole, the French army had had a little less difficulty protecting the American Expeditionary Force from the Germans than in performing a similar service for the English. Taking it by and large, they estimated that the Americans had, in a way, served a real purpose by holding part of the line and enabling the French to mobilize their forces more effectively, thus winning the war.

This was real information, because I had learned in England that the British troops had been assisted in somewhat the same manner to mobilize at strategic points so that they not only protected the French but struck at the Germans.

All of my French acquaintances expressed their delight at finding that the American army could fight at all. Fighting, as they understand it, is something that requires stern qualities such as one could not reasonably expect to find outside of France. If any other people exhibit these qualities, they deserve praise.

My friends took it for granted that I had been, as a civilized human being, deeply humiliated by my country's long delay in entering the war. This nearly took me by surprise and almost disturbed my poise for a moment, because I had assumed that the moral victory for the Allies when the United States declared war upon Germany had been of great importance. Now I know better. This point has been clarified by kindly explanation. The French cause, being French, wouldn't need a moral victory. It was the duty of any nation calling itself civilized to come at once to the aid of the mother of civilization; because what good would it do to stay out if France fell? There would be nothing left, since France is civilization. As for the troublesome problem of international debts, let us assume that I had once had the opportunity to lend Thomas A. Edison fifty cents and had thus saved his life; would I have sent the sheriff after him to collect or would I have taken into consideration what his life had meant to mine?

IN France I rarely passed a day without overhearing delightfully amusing dialogues in which voices and gestures rose higher and higher and higher because one person couldn't understand the other's French. There are as many different French accents as geographical divisions of the country, and each Frenchman is offended by any other than the one he uses.

Moreover, at that time there were a great many Italians in France, and it did not take long for me to find out how fond they and the French are of each other. When the European doesn't understand an effort to speak his language, what he apparently means to convey is that the speaker simply hasn't any language and would do far better to make signs with his hands.

In France, even more than in England, you are assumed to have come to learn and to admire. That you merely wish to look is a dreadful thought approaching the obscene. You would like some ice in your water? Ah, monsieur, it is very bad for you. Yes, indeed. The French do not use it, and see for yourself what a superior people. After wandering among them I marvel that any American ever had the hardihood to indulge in Yankee boasting. Not only that; I marvel that he found a space in the conversation wide enough.

My journey did not extend to Germany, I am sorry to say, but I had the pleasure of many informative hours with a German professor on shipboard. He had lived in the United States, and suffered there. It seems that he had been a university professor in our so-called liberal country at the time we entered the World War. And he had been unjustly dismissed. Some super-patriot had objected to one of his lectures in the classroom. All he had said was that the English language was a hodge-podge of everything that had slowly evoluted from a corruption of Low German.

I asked him if he had always included this in his lectures. No; it had occurred to him as worth mentioning about the time of the World War. And for mentioning this valuable fact he had found himself in trouble. How absurd! But didn't he think, I suggested, that it was somewhat less than tactful? No, he didn't think so. How could it be untactful? It was the truth. If I cared to listen he would prove it for me then and there.

MY journey unfortunately did not carry me to the Scandinavian peninsula, either. I have always yearned to visit Norway and Sweden. But one day in France I caught just a few words that indicated the kinship of Scandinavia with the rest of Europe, and I would like to know more. A beautiful Norwegian, accompanied by her little boy, aged about five, was seated in the hotel dining-room. I had read the name on the hotel register and knew that they were from Norway. The little boy had deluged half of an enormous roll with marmalade and was now trying to cram it into his mouth. His mother caught sight of his effort and said sternly: "Put that down this instant. Don't be a Swede."

Travel throws much light on one's reading. Now I understand many things that all of my books in twenty-five years of reading failed to convey. Europeans deeply dislike each other. Their animosities extend not only across all border lines but even to their fellow countrymen twenty miles down the road. No wonder they have a troubled history and a troubled present. But they forever relieved me of one worry: I shall never again be disturbed because American tourists are not loved abroad. I have no doubt that they often behave just as badly as their worst critics have reported. But neither have I any doubt that they would still be unpopular if they arrived wearing halos and long white wings. They would still be strangers from a strange land, and that would be more than enough.

This being the foundation upon which European statesmen must rest their national and international policies, I no longer wonder that the League of Nations and the numerous other efforts in the same general direction have not been more successful; the real wonder is that these organizations ever came into being at all.

When President Woodrow Wilson appealed to the American people to endeavor to learn to think internationally, I was editor of a daily newspaper, and I recall with amusement now the leading editorial I wrote supporting his plea. The gist of it was that Europe, being composed of many small neighboring states, must habitually think internationally and that unless our public could achieve the same standard we would be at a serious disadvantage. My present impression is that the people of Europe have never been able to think internationally. Worse still, Europe does not recognize this fact, on the contrary would deny it furiously. Europe is convinced that its troubles flow from the narrow and selfish nationalism of the United States. But even as her spokesmen make that declaration they furnish its denial in the measures they propose for rehabilitation of a war-torn world. We should help France; we should help Germany; we should help each of half a dozen other nations. But where is the plan, either good or bad, practical or visionary, to help all Europe? Each says, in effect:

"I am Europe. I am civilization. You must learn to think internationally and come to my assistance or the modern world crumbles."

THE END

# FATE, FUGITIVES, and FUN

## Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore in an Unusual Picture, a Dramatic Story of Police Work, A Back-Stage View of Radio Life and a Gangster Film

By ROB WAGNER

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)*

"THERE are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right."

Now comes Preston Sturges and breaks all sixty-nine rules of screen story-telling, and darned if it isn't right too. He begins with his hero's funeral and works backward and forward, showing him as an industrial tyrant, then as a little boy, forward again as he rises in the world, back again to explain why he is behaving as he does. After showing the wife's suicide he even cuts back to her early married happiness. Crazy? Not at all. It is just the way you would tell the story of your own life, occasionally harking back to some incident in the past in order to explain the present. This method has one advantage: the story is told in high spots, cutting out all unnecessary gaps.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★★★★ THE POWER AND THE GLORY

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, Ralph Morgan, Helen Vinson, Clifford Jones, Henry Kolker, Sarah Padden, Billy O'Brien, Cullen Johnston, J. Farrell MacDonald. Directed by William K. Howard.

Spencer Tracy, president of a huge railway system, and generally regarded as an industrial monster, lies dead. Ralph Morgan, his old secretary, leaves the church in tears and goes home. "Well, I'm glad the old beast is gone," says Sarah Padden, his wife. Ralph is shocked. "You don't understand. He couldn't help being what he was. It was his 'make.' Or Fate. Things just happened to him."

Ralph then tells how their boyhood friendship began, Spencer taking his part in a fight. Then as he grows up we see something of Spencer's "make," a big, rough, healthy animal who at the age of twenty-one can neither read nor write. He meets Colleen Moore, a country school-teacher, who takes him in hand. She gives him private lessons.

Awkward romance. Marriage. The birth of their son.

Then we see how Colleen boosted and inspired him to better things, she doing his trackwalking while he goes off to study railroading.

"And then, after all she did for him—that other woman! Bah!" says Sarah.

The old secretary then explains how their son turned out to be a rotter, spoiled by his mother, and how Colleen became old and irritable, and, learning that Spencer has fallen in love, killed herself. We see Spencer's wedding with the young and beautiful Helen Vinson, and how his own son profaned their marriage, the blow that led to his suicide.

In no way does the old secretary attempt to defend his friend or patron. He simply *explains* him and how his life was fatefully planned.

Spencer Tracy gives an unforgettable performance and Colleen Moore's return to the screen stamps her as one of its greatest actresses.

### ★★★ BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Lewis S. Stone, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly, Hugh Herbert, Alan Dinehart, Marjorie Gateson, Tad Alexander, Noel Francis, Wallis Clark, Adrian Morris, Clay Clement, Henry Kolker, Harry Berresford, George Chandler. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

Pat O'Brien, an overenthusiastic dick, has been transferred, as a matter of discipline, from "Rape and Homicide" to the Bureau of Missing Persons. Perhaps in this "kindergarten," as he calls it, he will learn that the police are supposed to help and not persecute. Lewis Stone is the genial and understanding head who will teach him.

Pat sees the procession of people who daily bombard the department in search of lost ones, and he is gently amused until Bette Davis arrives, looking for her husband. Pat falls for her, only to learn that she is wanted in Chicago for the murder of her boss! That's the central story of an amazing tapestry of life in the big city.

There is the violin prodigy who runs away from home—and $2,000 a week—to be a real boy among real boys. The man who deserts his young wife because he's outgrown his honeymoon. The married man who disappears

*Colleen Moore, shown with Spencer Tracy, reënters films with a huge success in The Power and the Glory.*

*Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien, the murder fugitive and the cop, in the picture Bureau of Missing Persons.*

# *Hollywood's New Kind of* MAKE-UP

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| Creamy ☐ | Green ☐ | BROWNETTES |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | BRUNETTES |
| Sallow ☐ | Black ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Freckled ☐ | LASHES (Color) | REDHEADS |
| Olive ☐ | Light ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| SKIN | Dark ☐ | *If Hair is Gray, check type above and also check here* ☐ |
| Dry ☐ Oily ☐ | AGE | |
| Normal ☐ | | |

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**Max Factor ★ Hollywood**

Society Make-Up -- *Cosmetics of the Stars*


with the blonde, and when found is planted in a small town as an amnesia victim by Lew Stone so as not to disgrace his family with the truth.

Hugh Herbert, a department dick, spends an amusing year running down a missing gal only to find her working in the department. But perhaps the funniest chapter in this dramatic madhouse is the way in which Pat O'Brien unloads his alimony-chiseling wife, Glenda Farrell.

It's a swell picture, splendidly written, acted, and directed.

*Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter with Charles Butterworth in the background—three of the leads in Penthouse.*

## ★★ MYRT AND MARGE

THE PLAYERS: Myrtle Vail, Donna Damerel, Eddie Foy, Jr., Ted Healy and His Stooges, Grace Hayes, J. Farrell MacDonald, Trixie Friganza, Tom Jackson, Ray Hedge. Directed by Al Boasberg.

A back-stage story featuring a bunch of radio stars known to all gum chewers. Myrt and Marge in real life are mother and daughter, and their fans will no doubt be pleased to learn that Marge has very pretty legs, and surprised to see her do nip-ups from the floor. Myrt is the old trouper of the My Lady's Legs company; and Marge—the daughter of Trixie Friganza, a boarding-house keeper—becomes the star of the show. Trixie is fat and forty but still darned fair, with a joyous sense of comedy. Ray Hedge is Clarence the wardrobe "woman," and he does a sissy part without the slightest offense. Eddie Foy, Jr., proves a worthy son of his famous father. His dancing is exceptionally fine.

Ted Healy and His Stooges, four roughnecks in overalls, are delightfully amusing. This picture hasn't the brilliancy of 42nd Street because it depicts a frankly cheap musical show, but the music is tuneful, the gags are bright. Altogether it's good lively fun.

## ★★ PENTHOUSE

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Charles Butterworth, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, C. Henry Gordon, Martha Sleeper, Nat Pendleton, George E. Stone, Robert Emmett O'Connor, Raymond Hatton, Arthur Belasco. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

Gangsters aren't a bad sort. True, their manners may be rough and their customs homicidal, but down deep they have hearts of gold. Do one of them a favor and he will gladly go forth and bump off your pet enemy, even though in doing so he makes the supreme sacrifice.

Nat Pendleton (Tony Gazotti) is such a chap. Warner Baxter, his lawyer, saves him from the hot seat at Sing Sing, so Nat becomes Warner's loyal friend, guarding him like a big Newfoundland dog, and in the end laying down his ignoble life with one fine noble gesture of murder.

Of course there are other people in the story. There is Martha Sleeper, Warner's fiancée, who with his other social friends deserts him because he defends gangsters. There is Phillips Holmes, a handsome society lad who gets into a jam that brings Warner's soup-and-fisher folk flocking back to ask his assistance. His and Nat's! Then there are Mae Clarke and Myrna Loy, two gangsters' molls whose charms add much to the allurements of the underworld. But lest Murderland be pictured too brightly, the authors have added a little black paint in the persons of C. Henry Gordon and George E. Stone, unconscionable wretches who murder out of pure cussedness.

The girls are exceptionally attractive, especially Myrna Loy. And Warner Baxter's little shaved eyebrow mustache is more fascinating than ever. But it is Nat Pendleton you'll love, both for his devotion to Warner and his swell acting.

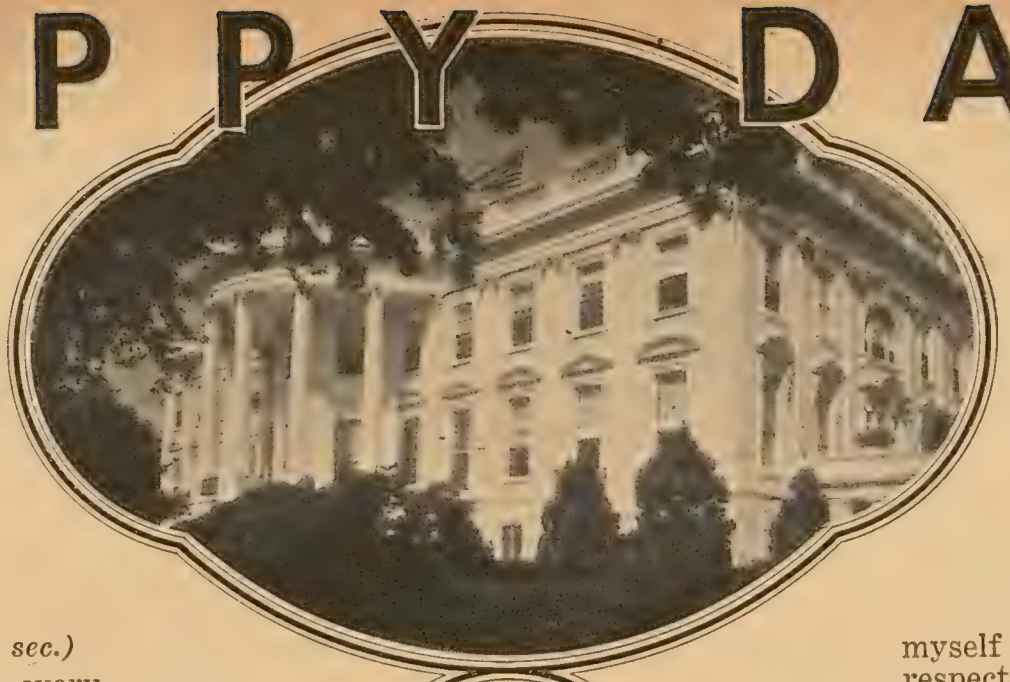
Charles Butterworth is Warner's droll butler. He has three children at home and another on the way—in from a boarding school!

## FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong.

# HAPPY DAYS



By

## ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

CAREERS—THE PRICE TO PAY AND THE GUIDANCE TO GIVE; WHAT THE FAMILY CAN DO AS A UNIT; A RECIPE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

*(Reading time: 5 min. 3 sec.)*

IN New York City every year there are literally thousands of young men and, particularly, young women studying music. Many of their families have made colossal sacrifices to send them to study music in New York. Some few become divas and achieve fairy-book fame and fortune, while others find consolation in going back home to teach, in singing on the radio, or in going on the stage.

Of all careers, I am inclined to think that singing may be the most difficult. Intangible factors such as personality, dramatic ability, and even luck seem to be components of the success story. Spartan rules of health must be observed by all singers. If your daughter, for example, has a lovely voice, has gone as far as she can with local teachers, has a knowledge of French, German, and Italian, and has her heart set on studying in New York, it is probably wise to permit her to go, provided the strain on the family is not too great.

Take these precautions before she starts: investigate thoroughly and from several unbiased sources the teachers with whom she will study (beware of teachers who promise or even predict startling success); remember that even the simplest living in New York costs more than it does at home; be prepared to face a long, difficult time before she can be a professional singer. And don't let her feel that she must succeed or be disgraced.

A WOMAN said the other day, "I hear so much talk about the family doing things together and having fun together, but when you come right down to it, what is there for a family to do together?"

I suppose, if the members of a family have no recreations they naturally enjoy doing together, this question is quite difficult. How about picnics? Family singing? (The neighbors can stand it if it doesn't last too long.) Family conversation at meals holds tremendous possibilities. Children don't learn all they know from books, and with a little planning between the mother and father, topics may be introduced and discussed and the children drawn into the conversation and listened to respectfully.

Of course parents will have to be prepared to answer innumerable questions, but a good way out of this dilemma is to start the whole family thumbing the encyclopedia after dinner. Then, how about a good old family secret once in a while? I've never known a family yet that didn't have a skeleton which is fun to drag out of the closet. In our own family there's apt to be a great deal of kidding back and forth and no one keeps an inflated ego very long. All the children have to learn to take teasing in the proper way and simple hints from parents will teach them eventually that teasing which hurts is malicious and therefore taboo.

SEVERAL people have asked me who make up the official family at the White House—that is, what individuals actually receive their personal as well as official mail there. "The children," as my four brothers and myself are still called, all have respective rooms saved for our occasional visits. Three rooms and a play nursery on the third floor of the White House are kept for the grandchildren. Then Miss Marguerite Le Hand, my father's private secretary, and Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, who has been with my father for years, make their homes in the White House. As there are always many guests coming and going, it's very lucky that the whole family doesn't live there continually. There is a limit even to the elastic qualities of the White House!

THIS week I'm reversing the order for a recipe! Instead of receiving a recipe from the White House, I'm sending one to Mrs. Nesbitt there. It's for Cheese Soufflé. I had it the other day at a friend's house, and I liked it so well I asked how to make it. It must be served the minute it's done, as it falls quickly.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 tablespoons butter | 1 cup milk |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 3 eggs |
| Salt and pepper | 1 cup ordinary yellow cheese |

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. When the sauce is smooth and boiling, add the cheese, cut in small pieces. Take off the stove and quickly stir in the egg yolks. Cool this mixture. If desired it may be made ahead of time and set in the ice box until you are ready to bake the soufflé. Now fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour in a greased baking dish and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until the egg white is set (about 15 minutes).

JUST how far can we parents go in choosing careers for our children? Just as far, I believe, as our children willingly and excitedly go with us! It's only natural for mothers to have great ambitions for their children, but we should be careful that these ambitions are not compensations for our own failures and disappointments. Quite naturally a father who is, for example, a doctor will like to see his son take up the same career. Perhaps the son, through familiarity with his father's work, will want to be a doctor too. But on the other hand, if he should be a boy who thinks that tinkering with machinery is the greatest fun in the world, and furthermore finds an aptitude and ability in school subjects leading to engineering, he will probably make only a mediocre and lethargic doctor.

I think that it is a mistake to ask boys and girls continually, "What are you going to do when you grow up?" I know one child who rudely but quite pointedly answered, "Well, not a busybody, anyway."

Many young men and women haven't found out for themselves what they want to do. As parents, we can help them by showing them the panorama of activities, providing them with reading material about various vocations and what work will be entailed, and then letting them try their own wings.

*(Reading time: 30 minutes 20 seconds.)*

OUR PARIS LETTER

. . . but the real leader of this set just now is Genevra Lacey, niece of Comtesse Debigny, who was Helen Lacey of Butte, Montana. Genevra has quite taken charge at the Debigny town house on the very exclusive Rue St. Martin. She is one of the few American girls over here who has been able to hold her own in a truly cosmopolitan métier. She is distingué. Her dark slender sophisticated beauty is combined with wit and poise. Her clothes have chic in the best French sense of the word. She is seen at just the right places with just the right people, and her parties, given with the lavish coöperation of her aunt, have become the *dernier cri* in one of the smartest of smart groups here.

A young woman of the world, alert and hard-boiled, she has managed to retain a very definite charm and graciousness. Her name has been linked with half a dozen eligibles, among them the Marquis de la Courcey, Captain Jacques Vivaud, and Baron Bremmer. How is that for a little girl from Montana?

GENEVRA tossed the magazine aside and smiled wryly. There it was in black and white, the *succès d'estime.* Three years ago she would have wept for joy at even the prophecy of such a triumph. To be adjudged a woman of the world by a magazine called Smart People! A magazine which sold for fifty cents and couldn't be bought in Butte, Montana, at all.

What a muddle it all was! She had labored naïvely and diligently for three years trying to be sophisticated. She had failed. All that her efforts had actually accomplished, she reflected, was to fool everybody else. She couldn't deceive herself. She was no true woman of the world; she was only sophisticated enough not to want to be sophisticated.

Claude was turning the car into the Champs Elysées. Genevra said through the speaking tube: "The Select, please." Claude nodded. She had learned lots of tricks with her voice. It was quite impersonal, quite casual. It told Claude nothing but a street direction.

At least she had achieved that much. Three years ago Miss Genevra Lacey, librarian at the Public Library in Butte, Montana, could not have spoken to a French chauffeur in such a tone. Nor would the aforesaid Miss Lacey, lib., have set out alone to visit the apartment of a notorious actress in the Rue de Marignan quite so calmly.

The girl looked at her face in the tonneau mirror. Hat, hair, and face had absorbed nearly three hours of her time that day. Hat by Vionnet; hair by René; face by Mlle. Suzanne. Even so, Genevra could not feel complacent. That saucy red bonnet would be copied within two days, and she wanted to wear it at least five times. She had become distrustful of René. Other of René's clients would be sure to see the trick he had done with the hair about Genevra's ears. Would René stand firm?

Genevra sighed. Paris was so full of copy cats! She glanced at Mickey Maguire, her white pit bulldog, who sat on the seat beside her. Mickey was looking for dogs to devour in fancy among the apéritif-hour crowds on the boulevard. Julie Laclerq, one of Genevra's most assiduous imitators, had cabled a Connecticut kennel for a pit bull just like Mickey. Genevra had said: "You might at least have ordered a female and pretended it was for Mickey's sake."

As Claude turned the car for the restaurant entrance to the Select, Genevra prepared herself to alight.

# SHE H

# Reputat

"That will be all, Claude, thank you. I'll taxi home."

Claude smiled and touched his cap. She knew Claude suspected an intrigue and she felt once more the slight sickness in her stomach as she stared him down. She had baffled Claude ever since she came to live with Aunt Helen. He was certain she had a lover. His shrug said: "One of these days, mademoiselle, I'll catch you."

Genevra and Mickey Maguire got out. The chasseur eyed Mickey apprehensively. Genevra pretended difficulty in adjusting Mickey's leash until Claude was well on his way. Then she walked into the Select. She went straight through to the Champs Elysées door. Mlle. Lanier, tête-à-tête with M. Chambrun, nodded. Senator Doumerge, having tea with an American grass widow, determinedly refused to see her. Willy Paine, who was alone, half arose to greet her. Genevra nodded and

## THE STORY OF A MISUNDERSTOOD YOUNG WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD HERSELF

*They met while she was in a group at the foot of the grand staircase—talking to the ambassador.*

# AD A
# *on*, BUT—

smiled absently in passing. Willy sank down. He knew that smile.

She walked down the boulevard toward the Rond Pont. The stares of terrace loiterers and pedestrians were satisfactory. But for a few minutes she was not thinking of herself on parade. She was thinking about Uncle Henri and the actress.

Uncle Henri was not managing this affair with discretion. He was over there in Mlle. Caudon's apartment, doubtless quite drunk. Genevra was afraid he might commit the unforgivable sin and escort Mlle. Caudon to Mrs. Blair's reception. If he did that, all Paris would know of the affair—and, worse, Aunt Helen's friends would know that she knew of it, too. Aunt Helen would be obliged to divorce Uncle Henri.

Hitherto Aunt Helen had been able to keep up a decent pretense of ignorance. Uncle Henri had always been discreet. But this Mlle. Caudon was a climber and wanted a title. It would be just like her to bamboozle Uncle Henri into some brazen act that would bring about a divorce.

*"Très jolie! Très jolie!"*

Genevra eyed the speaker with a quick pang of homesickness. An American. This one was probably a college boy and certainly pie-eyed. He swayed toward her. She was obliged to be Genevra-Lacey-on-parade. She eyed him with a faint insolent amusement and walked past without deviating from her path.

She would have liked to make friends with the American. They could go to Coffee Dan's and eat baked beans and talk about home. It would be much nicer than going to rescue Uncle Henri from his mistress.

The incident brought her thoughts around to Edgar. Dear Edgar should see her now, tripping down the Champs Elysées and contemptuously putting intoxicated Americans in their place. Then she remembered that Edgar would see her that very evening. He was coming to the house for dinner.

QUEER that she wasn't more excited over Edgar's arrival in Paris. She had been such a silly little idiot about him once. Why, it was Edgar who had broken her heart! It was Edgar who had made her resolve to be sophisticated. A dashing fellow, Edgar. Anyway he had seemed so back home in Butte. He was on the Washington staff of a New York paper. He had returned to the old home town on a story. Miss Genevra Lacey, librarian, had fallen desperately in love.

"Mickey—no. Bad dog!"

Jerking Mickey from imminent combat with a newsboy's mutt, she turned into the Rue de Marignan. . . . Edgar had patted her on the head and said: "No more tears, my child. I don't marry women because they've let me kiss them! And if there were ever any more cogent reason, it wouldn't be with you. I don't play games in the nursery." . . . Oh, how she had hated Edgar! He had treated her like a little country-jake. He wouldn't even run away with her to love freely and grandly, far from stupid convention. And she had vowed to get even some day—to break Edgar's heart as he had broken hers. So when her father died and Aunt Helen wrote begging her to come to Paris—

How long ago and far away that was! How childish! Now she was quite sure she didn't care enough about Edgar to want to break his heart.

Genevra and Mickey turned in at a brown marble doorway. Mlle. Caudon's apartment was on the third floor. There was no lift. As she climbed the stairs she reviewed her plan of campaign. Rescuing one's uncle from the apartment of his mistress required a certain air. One must not be too flippant, nor should one be too serious.

The voices of two men and a woman in heated argument brought her to a halt in the third-floor corridor:

"He has an engagement with me, I tell you!"

"He isn't in any shape to go, Mlle. Caudon. Be reasonable."

"Take your hand off my arm, sir. I demand that you remove your hand!"

*By*

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

*Illustrations by* RUTH KING

*The American was supporting the pudgy figure of Count Henri with one arm.*

Mickey Maguire got excited and started to bark. Genevra permitted him to tow her into the scene. It was the only way to stop Mickey's barking. One cannot make an entrance with a barking dog.

A platinum blonde, dressed for the street, stood by an open door glaring at a tall young American. The American was supporting the pudgy figure of Count Henri Debigny with one arm and trying to make his awkward French more eloquent with the other.

UNCLE HENRI saw Genevra. He tried to achieve dignity by frowning. His black eyes, set atop pendulous pouches, looked like dollops of chocolate on two badly preserved pears.

"My dear Genevra," he said. "Really!"

"You've kept me waiting. It's very late," she said.

The young American released Uncle Henri. His face turned a sunburn red.

Mlle. Caudon tossed her head imperiously. Genevra thought it a rather ridiculous gesture, made so perhaps by the fact that Mlle. Caudon played Guitry heroines.

Genevra said: "We are having guests for dinner, Uncle Henri." Mickey Maguire was sniffing Mlle. Caudon's skirt. Genevra added: "Do let us hurry before Mickey acts the cad. He goes quite abysmal over Christmas Night perfume."

"No! My dear Henri, you promised—"

Uncle Henri wabbled on his short legs.

"I resent this," he said solemnly. He avoided glancing at Genevra. He turned on the young American. "I particularly resent your impudence, young sir."

The American looked at Genevra. She liked his eyes. They were blue and naïvely miserable with embarrassment.

"Shall I—" He gestured toward the stairs.

"Thank you, no." She turned to Count Debigny and placed Mickey's leash in his hand. "Please, my dear. Mickey tugs so. He's quite ruined my glove."

MICKEY solved the situation beautifully. He started off toward the stairway. Uncle Henri was obliged to walk or lose his balance. With one last appealing glance at Mlle. Caudon, he lurched after Mickey.

The actress's bosom heaved with an almost Sardou anger.

"Henri! Come back here at once!"

Ignoring her, Genevra turned to the American.

"Are you staying?"

"Huh? Oh, no. I—I'm leaving."

They walked together down the corridor. A door slammed with Ibsenesque fervor behind them.

"I owe you an explanation, Miss Lacey. I—uh—know your uncle in a business way."

"And Mlle. Caudon in a business way also?"

"Oh, good heavens, no! I'm not connected with the theater. My line is cotton goods—I represent a number of American mills."

"I see."

"We were to have a business conference this afternoon at the George V. But Count Debigny suddenly remembered this—uh—appointment here. He said if I went along—"

He was interrupted by Count Debigny, who had bogged down on the first landing.

"Don't talk to the fellow," said Uncle Henri nastily. "He's an impudent bounder. He has hounded me for weeks. There is nothing Americans will not do for money!"

"Now, now, uncle dear. He was merely trying to help you remember that you are supposed to be a gentleman." Then quickly, as the American was about to protest, "The task was entirely too difficult, but that is not his fault."

The hatred between girl and boulevardier flared.

"Ever the loyal niece, my dear."

"Better let me have Mickey's leash. Can you manage to walk alone?"

Uncle Henri turned his back on her and clumped unsteadily down the stairs. The American spoke with awkward earnestness: "I hope you won't think that badly of me, Miss Lacey. I—I did pester him. But it wasn't to make a sale. It didn't have anything to do with money. I—it—that is—"

Gently: "You admired him as the finest flower of French chivalry?"

His reply was blurted, clumsy, gauche: "No! It was you. I wanted to meet you. I admire you more than any girl I've ever seen. You're—you're a honey!"

She felt herself reddening and frowned to stop it. "Oh. Indeed? I suppose you saw a picture?"

He nodded.

"At first. In Vogue. Then I saw you at Longchamps. In a box." His eyes were fixed on the stair railing. "You go to Rumpelmayer's nearly every Tuesday noon."

"Yes. I like the sandwiches."

He was suddenly overcome with shame.

"I'm sorry I said what I did. I'm just a sap. Forget it, will you? I shan't bother you any more. Good-by."

He started down the steps.

"You might tell me your name," she said, smiling.

"Oh—uh—Jack Dowling."

"Thank you."

"Oh—uh—not at all. G'by."

Mr. Jack Dowling disappeared with the abruptness of a schoolboy, love-smitten, who has just presented an apple to his teacher.

SHE stood there a moment, still smiling. Of course Aunt Helen would call it ridiculous. Perhaps it was ridiculous. But just the same— He wasn't the sort of American you could laugh at. He was nice. He had handsome eyes and a charming grin. He wore clothes of the London cut. He was a sweet boy.

Genevra walked slowly down the stairs. She and Uncle Henri and Mickey Maguire rode home in a taxicab.

Uncle Henri said: "I really had no intention of taking her to the Blair woman's reception."

Genevra said: "Really? You were still two brandies short of that? Forgive me!"

Mickey Maguire yawned.

She was thinking about Jack Dowling as she dressed for dinner. Tomorrow was Tuesday.

Genevra stared straight through one of Mainbocher's sonnets in silk which Marthe was holding up for her approval.

Aunt Helen came in. She had a guest list.

"Gen dear, who is this Edgar Denison?"

Edgar? Oh, yes, Edgar!

"An old friend from Montana, auntie."

The Comtesse Debigny arched an eyebrow. "Are you quite sure—"

"Quite sure. He doesn't live in Montana now. He's the Paris correspondent of a New York paper."

"Ah, I didn't think—" Then, eagerly: "Has he written a play or a novel?"

"Of course."

"Where shall I place him?"

"Next to me."

"But the baron—"

"You can have the baron. I've heard his Hitler story twice."

"He'll sulk. I think that I'll put him next to Mrs. Villiers. She was in good form at Carlotta's this afternoon."

Genevra shrugged. She glanced at her aunt, busy with the guest list. Aunt Helen, a faded ash blonde, was as usual wearing a gown fifteen years too young. Her grooming was so precise that she looked like a precocious highly enameled doll. At first Genevra had pitied Aunt Helen. She knew better now. Aunt Helen would rather put up with Uncle Henri's philanderings than sacrifice her standing in Uncle Henri's crowd. The girl had come to realize that Aunt Helen loved every trivial detail of the social game. She played with people in a sort of continuous solitaire, as if they were cards.

*Genevra permitted Mickey to tow her into the scene.*

"Gen, do you think the Argentine will be too drunk for the Marakos girl? Hm—where will I put him? And if I move him there what about the ambassador? Next to Ronnie Bywater? Nonsense. He detests Ronnie. And here's a real poser, my dear. Bishop Diurnay is in town on his way to Rome. Do you know if anything political has been happening in Belgium? Where did Marthe put the Temps?"

Genevra allowed Aunt Helen to go on thinking aloud. She was very weary of helping to manage what the society journals were pleased to call a salon.

She sighed and slipped into the Mainbocher sonnet. Its lines rippled and lilted over her figure.

She was fed up. She couldn't go on much longer. Aunt Helen, Uncle Henri, Captain Vivaud, the baron—she hated them all.

If Edgar would only turn out to be as nice as she had once imagined him! If he'd marry her and take her back home—

"My dear, what *has* come over you?"

"What? Oh—why, nothing. Seat Mme. Gorgas in the dear bishop's lap."

Aunt Helen stared.

"This is hardly a subject for shopgirl flippancy, my dear. This is a *dinner*. If they're bored we'll get refusals for the Château the eighteenth. And how dear Latourette would love that!"

Genevra shrugged. She wanted to say: "My dear auntie, I don't care if they all get so bored they twiddle their thumbs. And as for the Marquise Latourette—nerts!"

She didn't. She said: "Sorry. Will you ask Emile to get some aspirin? I'm out."

"Nerves, Gen?" Aunt Helen eyed her in sudden alarm. She was Aunt Helen's trump card. "I'm sorry I was cross. Hadn't you better run over to St. Moritz for a few days?"

"Thanks, no. I'll be all right."

Aunt Helen kissed her carefully and departed. She finished dressing with meticulous attention to detail. She selected perfume No. 7. It was her own blend and cost a thousand francs an ounce. She worked with sudden intensity born of her gathering revulsion. She was sick of the masquerade. Perhaps Edgar would fall in love with her, now that she was Mlle. Genevra Lacey of the Rue St. Martin. Perhaps she'd fall in love with Edgar again. If she could talk Edgar into going home—

They met while she was in a group at the foot of the grand staircase. She was talking to the ambassador.

Edgar approached and stood looking at her with amused, sardonic eyes. She felt a little tingle of the old thrill. Edgar was still a dashing fellow and handsome, if you liked bold-eyed men with military mustaches who went about as though they were momentarily going to tell you to go to hell. He had lost none of his cocksureness, she noted, and was apparently unimpressed by the change in her.

She waited until the ambassador had told his story about the Scotch beater who tied tin cups on all the pheasants to catch the shot that went wild. Then she walked over and held out her hand.

"Hullo, Edgar."

"Well, well," said Edgar.

"How did you leave the sheep back in Montana?"

"They miss you terribly."

"Sorry. I shan't be returning for some time."

Edgar appraised her casually.

"You've improved a little."

"Oh, Edgar!"

"Please remove Noel Coward from your voice. I know you!"

"You can't pat me on the head this time. I'm a woman of the world. Smart People says so."

"Never read it."

"SO you don't believe I'm a hard-boiled little Parisienne, eh? Listen to this: 'Edgar's eternal devotion to himself is one of those disgustingly trivial love matches which have driven society to look kindly on divorce.' Is that an epigram or isn't it?"

"Not bad."

"Not bad? It's perfect. You can make it fit any man by merely changing names."

"But was it worth the trip from Montana?"

"Well—no. Not by itself. But I discovered another one: 'Edgar is a sophisticate; that is, he has a joke on the world and goes cleverly about betraying the fact that the joke has no point.' Or have you just forgotten the point, Edgar?"

They fenced with their eyes. Edgar grinned.

"Allah never made the point quite clear," he said.

She was studying Edgar anxiously. She realized with a desperate thankfulness that she had made an impression. She turned on the patter:

"The action drags a bit, don't you think? Jarvis will now serve tea and we'll get down to the second-act climax. Having met the innocent country girl years after, is Edgar going to miss a second chance to elope to Missoula?"

Edgar's tone was bantering but interested.

"You didn't want to go to Missoula. It was Billings."

"Couldn't I have lost my honor just as well in Missoula? I like to think of it now as Missoula."

"Yes, you're right. Somehow I dislike to think of your honor being lost in Billings. By the way, where was it lost finally?"

Edgar's voice was like a stab. She took it with the bright-eyed stoic mask she had learned to put on at will. So Edgar thought what everyone else seemed to think? Well, she had it coming. Acquiring a reputation for affairs had been much easier than winning Our Paris Letter's accolade. People had just taken it for granted.

She said casually: "I seem to forget. It doesn't matter, does it?"

Edgar shook his head.

"Somehow it does. I'm bitterly repentant of my one outburst of altruism."

Dinner. She and Edgar talked of friends back home. Baron Bremmer sulked. The Argentine did get too drunk for the Marakos girl. Count Debigny discussed the Irish Eucharistic Congress with Bishop Diurnay.

The evening was a sparkling success. The ambassador did not doze until after eleven o'clock.

Genevra sat through it with panic in her heart. Why had she been, in spite of three years with Aunt Helen, so naïvely moralistic? Why shouldn't Edgar take for granted the implications of her home, her crowd, her talk?

AT parting, Edgar said amorously: "I hope you'll have a little time for me, Gen." Then, squeezing her hand: "Now that I think of it, I might like a second chance."

She managed a cynical smile.

"You've been thinking of it ever since the brandy was passed."

"Right! Shall it be St. Perez or Antibes?"

"Dreadfully passé, both of them. It's Corsica this week, Edgar. Not, of course, that I could consider it this week."

Edgar was disappointed, but still sure of himself.

"I'll phone," he said, and sauntered away.

She ran upstairs as if in flight from the conviction in Edgar's eyes. She locked herself in her modernistic boudoir—see Interior Decoration for April—and tried to fight down her inward rebellion.

"A young woman of the world, alert and hard-boiled." Well, why not? It was what she had set out to be. How did the epigram go? "It is necessary to live as one thinks, but one generally ends by thinking as one has lived." How very simple it had been to lose one reputation and gain another! She could click off the rules, one, two, three:

One: Always refer to any virtue in a tone of faintly amused contempt. You will immediately be credited with a lover.

Two: Read a good book on anatomy and another on perversion. You will be able to point out that sex is a very limited subject, after all. The remark will hold so much wisdom that people will say: "She knows from experience."

Three: Never drink more than two cocktails and, when invited on a trip to Biarritz, say: "Thanks, no. I believe not, this week." You will then be regarded as a delightfully possible but maddeningly elusive companion.

That was the game as she had played it. She hadn't realized until now what a stupid cheating game it was. Which was the greater hypocrisy—pretending to be better than one really is or pretending to be worse?

Promptly at one o'clock the next afternoon Genevra walked into Rumpelmayer's. She had hurried a fitting to arrive at the usual time.

A quick glance from the doorway rewarded her. Mr. Jack Dowling sat alone at one of the small side tables. He was reading a newspaper and did not at once see her.

She got her tray and selected sandwiches at the counter. She ordered a pot of tea and walked to a table across the room from Mr. Dowling.

Was he looking? No—yes—he saw her. She dared not turn her head. She saw him in profile in a mirror. He was a very handsome young man. He had boyish curly brown hair and a wholesome ruddiness in his face. He

was blushing, she decided. Would he come over? No; he was afraid. He gulped a glass of water. He looked toward the door. The stupid child was actually—no; he sat down again. He wanted to look at her some more. Well, let him! She finished her sandwiches. Would he come over now? She picked up her bag and gloves.

Mr. Dowling was looking at her with a nice bashful, adoring light in his eyes.

Genevra arose and looked casually around. She permitted herself to see Mr. Dowling and gave an artistic little start. Mr. Dowling jumped up, gasping.

She walked over.

"I thought you ran away," she said.

He didn't even attempt to feign surprise.

"I—I was hoping you—uh—I just had to see you once more!"

"Oh, are you leaving Paris?"

Mr. Dowling nodded determinedly.

"Yes. I'd better, don't you think?"

"Why?"

He grinned ruefully.

"*You* know."

Genevra surveyed him deliberately.

"Sit down a moment, please."

He sat down warily. She saw that he suspected her of laughing at him.

"Are you in love with me?" she inquired gravely.

Mr. Dowling winced but met her gaze.

"Yes. Terribly." Then, "I'd have told you yesterday, but I wasn't man enough."

"But why are you in love with me?"

"Don't you ever look in the mirror?"

"Oh, that! But you don't know me at all."

He shook his head.

"You're my honey. I know you well enough to know that. So you see—uh—well, I've got to shove off."

Mr. Dowling reached for his hat.

"Thanks, anyway, for not laughing."

She put out a hand impulsively.

"No woman would laugh at being told what you've told me. I—I just want to—well, help you. Perhaps if you had a date with me you'd see how mistaken you are."

YOUNG Mr. Dowling blinked like a desert wanderer who doesn't want to be fooled by a mirage.

"You're kidding me, aren't you? You wouldn't want a date with me." Humbly, "I'm not brilliant or clever or anything. I'm just an ordinary guy—"

"You said that very cleverly. Would you mind taking me to the opera tonight?"

"You—you'll really let me?"

"At eight thirty, please. I always like to be late at least half an hour."

He laughed happily.

"Will I be there!"

"Thank you," she said, and swept princesslike to the door.

When she got home, Marthe said Edgar Denison had telephoned. It was the second time that day. In the morning she had promised to have dinner with him.

She sent for Emile, Aunt Helen's secretary.

"Telephone Mr. Denison," she directed, "and tell him I am very sorry but I cannot have dinner with him this evening. Give no reason, and if he asks to speak to me say I am out."

Genevra could not clearly analyze her fear of Edgar. Was it because she could not defend her interest in Jack Dowling against Edgar's merciless contempt? She knew very well what Edgar would say about Jack. "Well, well. Little Gen goes whimsy-whamsy, eh? Gamboling with a mooncalf. Charming, charming!"

AS she settled down to the familiar routine of dressing she began to waver. Why lead this boy on? She liked him. She might even fall in love with him. Then what? He was an American. He would begin to wonder how a girl could be a woman of the world and yet a suitable wife. If he made any contact with her Parisian friends at all, he would hear stories. Mean, nasty, vicious stories. Paris never wondered; Paris came to conclusions.

It was a situation which could have but one ending: disillusionment for him and bitterness for her. After all, one could not defend one's reputation. One could not be so banal as to say: "Despite all you will hear and despite the fact that I have spent three years pretending to be a witty, unmoral sophisticate, I am still a good girl." Such faith was too much to expect of any man.

Young Mr. Dowling arrived promptly at eight thirty. She observed, and was ashamed of the snobbish relief she felt, that he was correctly dressed in tails and a topper.

"You're so beautiful," he said. "Do you mind if I don't look at the opera at all?"

"Oh, one never looks at opera! It spoils the music. I usually pick out some lovely bald head and stare at it."

"I always pick out the prettiest girl I can find. So I'll be looking at you."

"What perfect confidence!"

They got into the taxi.

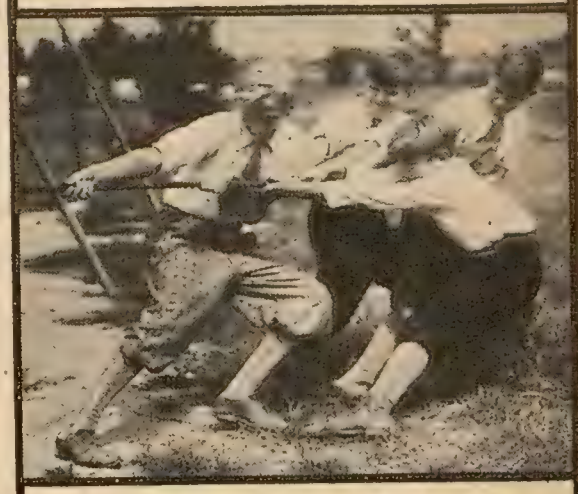
"There won't be any others half as nice. I looked them over the other week. I met a friend of yours there. Julie Laclerq."

"Oh—yes—Julie."

What had Julie told him? She was the cattiest cat in town. Her insinuations were indictments and her gossip a succession of "Guilty" verdicts.

She changed the subject. Asked him questions about himself. His home was in Charleston, South Carolina. He had been in Paris six months. He didn't like it, he said, until he met her. Now he could stay in Paris forever. The mills wanted to move him to London, but he had cabled he couldn't possibly go.


DON'T SPOIL THEIR SPORT



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*Chew*
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

He changed the subject. He was so proud of her! He would be proud of any American girl who could hold her own in Paris. The French thought all Americans were stupid. The amazing thing was that she could be clever and yet be such a knockout for looks. She was such a honey. He was so set up to be riding in a taxi with her, he wanted to open the windows and tell somebody. The folks back in Charleston would never believe it. He could hardly believe it himself. Would she pinch his arm, please?

She set out, resolutely, to break down his naïve enthusiasm. She mentioned Manon, which they were going to see. He had seen Farrar in the rôle when he was a youngster going to school near New York. He had read the novel by Abbé Prevost. That stopped her. She switched to Proust. He had read The Sweet Cheat Gone. He commmented: "I never knew an eyebrow could say so many things. Gosh!" That was so nearly her own reaction to Proust that she became discouraged and did not sound him on Huysmans.

They went back to talking about home, and the nostalgia which his quick eager voice evoked disarmed her. Mr. Jack Dowling was a charming young man. You could not high-hat him or laugh at him or dismiss him. You'd probably, she decided with a tinge of panic, fall in love with him.

The taxi turned into the Avenue de l'Opéra.

"You'd probably think Charleston awfully slow," he was saying. "But in the spring, when the magnolias blossom and the palmettos get a bright green, it's mighty good to be there."

"I'm sure it is," she said, her voice troubled.

Magnolias! Palmettos! Edgar would have something devastating to say on that subject. She was walking into the foyer of the Opéra. Jack was watching her and trying to find the tickets at the same time.

THEN it happened. Right there in front of her stood Edgar.

"Well, well," said Edgar. "This is a surprise!"

"Yes—isn't it?" she said stupidly.

Edgar looked from her to Jack Dowling and back again. His eyes were ironic.

He spoke smoothly in French, and she realized he was a little drunk:

"So this is the reason you couldn't have dinner with me? The grand passion!" His voice filled with that humorous contempt she knew so well. "Really, my dear. A college infant from the States. Pot-hunting, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a pleasant evening," she said in English, hoping desperately that Jack had not understood.

But a quick glance told her that Jack's knowledge of French had been sufficient. His face flushed and he stepped closer to Edgar.

"You're being a little nasty, aren't you?" he said.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Edgar insolently. "He understands French!"

"Edgar—please!"

The two men were starkly contrasted in her panic-acute regard. Jack was not clever. He would be no match for Edgar in tossing nasty witticisms.

Jack turned to her.

"Is he a very good friend of yours?"

Edgar's voice broke in levelly:

"Oh, no hard feelings, I hope. I'm a bit envious, I suppose. I had expected to escort Miss Lacey to Corsica. Yes, wasn't it Corsica, my dear? But I see that she has chosen Coney Island this week. I salute you!"

GENEVRA wanted to slap his face. But three years in Paris had fitted a repression too strong. One didn't slap faces. One returned insult for insult as cleverly as possible and passed on.

"I don't quite get the connection," said Jack, "but I recognize the tone. You're going—"

The girl's anger flared in one final rebellion.

"You ought to have a good punch on the jaw!" she said.

"Exactly what I think," said Mr. Dowling.

His fist cracked against Edgar's grinning mouth. Edgar toppled over.

Jack turned and handed her the tickets.

"You go on in. I'll attend to this."

There wasn't anything to attend to. Edgar picked himself up, fumbling for a handkerchief. Without a word, without one little epigram, he stalked away.

Jack brushed the back of his white-gloved hand thoughtfully.

Genevra turned to Jack, her eyes glowing.

"Let's not go to the opera," she said. "Let's go to a movie. And after that let's go to Coffee Dan's and eat hamburgers."

"Movie? Hamburgers?"

She squeezed Jack's arm and laughed. Dear, sweet, trustful, hard-socking Jack! Why, the sound of his fist on Edgar's filthy mouth was the cleverest epigram, the finest *mot juste*, she had ever heard!

"Listen, Jack," she said. "You won't believe it now and you'll think I've suddenly gone goofy. But I just *love* movies and hamburgers. Come on—let's go!"

THE END

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 12

**Cargo**

# TO THE LADIES!

## By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia*

Fanny Brice

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 2 seconds.)*

TALKING with Fanny Brice. She sang fourteen years in the Follies, sings now for the radio, is absolutely Broadway—*Broadway* to the ends of her fingers, to the points of her toes, to the tip of her tongue.

Here she goes on the subject of love and love songs:

"Why put nightingales in a love song? Or silvery wings of dawn? When a man makes love in earnest he doesn't say it with nightingales. Whoever they are, big shots or little shots, millionaires or truck drivers, when they get down to saying 'I love you' they all say it in the same words. They don't use fancy words. They use short plain ones. I think love songs ought to sound like the real thing."

Remember the early torch song called My Man? Fanny Brice put that one over, and it helped make her a star. Before the late Florenz Ziegfeld signed her for the Follies she worked in burlesque. Her first Ziegfeld contract nearly "slayed" her with joy. She says:

"I showed it to so many people that the paper wore out in a week."

She has just finished a three-reel picture. I asked her who wrote it. "Nobody knows," she said, "until we find out whether it is going to be a hit or a flop. Everybody took a hand at the writing. If it's a hit they will all be the author. If it's a flop nobody wrote it."

Never wears black without touches of white; says most women look "worried" in straight black.

CERTAIN people make fun of tea drinkers who hold the cup with the little finger extended. The jutting digit is supposed to be an affectation. For the life of me I can't see why! As far as experience has led me to determine, I find it next to impossible to balance a teacup comfortably without projecting my little finger at the forbidden angle.

What a lot of nonsense! I see no reason for the persistence of this silly social "don't."

ARTHUR was the *baddest* boy in our neighborhood. He trampled flower beds, smeared jam on windows, got up early to put live frogs in our morning milk bottles. Arthur was a fiend. He is now a respected citizen, a devoted family man. I had not seen him for years until I met him last summer with his wife and children. Then I thought back over all the *bad boys* of my youth. What has become of them? Here they are, with a list of their outstanding crimes and a review of their destinies:

Lewis. Diabolic little liar. When his parents thwarted him he punished them by making up whoppers about what went on at home. Once told the neighbors that his folks bathed in the kitchen sink and kept coal in the bathtub. Lewis became a judge. No man could be more circumspect.

Henry. Invented the gay mischief of tying poles to a pair of rubbers, dipping the rubbers in mud, and walking them straight up the side of a house, where they left footprints baffling to all. Henry went into the insurance business. Now very conservative and domesticated.

George. Noisy little demon. Made life hideous for blocks around. Could blat like a goat, bray like a donkey, and did so from morn till eve. He became a professor; has been fairly successful in a quiet way.

That's as far as I am able to trace the boys who raised particular Cain in my girlhood vicinity. None of them has reached a bad end. They appear to be doing quite well for themselves. Isn't that also true about the *bad boys* you used to know?

WE were discussing vacation friendships—so warmly made, so quickly forgotten.

"Summer romances are discouraging," said a matron of a certain age. "They leave you nothing but broken memories—and the sad thought of what *might have been.*"

"No," declared a younger, merrier matron. "Memories that hurt a little are the sweetest souvenirs of life."

It was my impression that her words expressed very neatly the best way to feel toward our slight but memorable summer romances.

EVENING dresses with trains have been sneaking back into fashion for the past two years. This year they have definitely arrived.

Many of them are a yard long—very graceful and elegant if you know how to manage them. But at present few of us command a safe knowledge of trains and their ways.

If you intend to wear a trailing skirt this winter, I advise you to practice beforehand.

Try walking around in it at home; learn to kick the train aside with grace, how to pick it up and hold it when necessary.

Theatrical people always do this for some time before they appear on the stage in costume clothes.

And our styles this winter are really in the "costume" class.


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# Hearts and Swords

By

**RAFAEL SABATINI**

Illustrations by JOHN FALTER

Decorations by MONTE CREWS

*(Reading time: 31 minutes 55 seconds.)*

THIS is the story of the adventures of Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, in Venice during the last days of the Doges. A secret envoy of Mr. Pitt, he poses as Camille Lebel, agent of the French Directory, and as Mr. Melville, an English flâneur. In Venice he again meets Isotta Pizzamano, with whom he had an understanding while her father was Venetian ambassador to England, before Marc-Antoine's mission to France, where he escaped the Revolutionists' guillotine. He meets a French spy posing as his widow, who is also friendly with Leonardo Vendramin, to whom Isotta is now engaged. Vendramin challenges Marc-Antoine to a duel and loses. He then hires two thugs to kill him, but Marc-Antoine kills one of them. Marc goes to Lallemant, French ambassador, and tells him that he will seek out Vendramin and warn him to cease his attacks.

PART SIX—THE TRAP

MARC-ANTOINE'S gondola bore him to the district of San Felice, to a palace on the canal of that name in which Vendramin was lodged. Not for him any of the houses of San Barnabó, placed by the state at the disposal of impoverished patricians. Here on the second floor of this fine palace he dwelt in luxury.

An elderly manservant in a plain livery opened to Marc-Antoine's knock, and peered at him suspiciously.

"Ser Leonardo Vendramin?" asked Marc.

"He lives here, yes," the man replied in dialect. "What do you want with him?"

"The pleasure of a little chat."

A door opened within. A tall man in a brocaded dressing gown of crimson, his feet in slippers, his head swathed in a kerchief, made his appearance. The right sleeve of his dressing gown hung empty.

He advanced, craning to see who asked for him. Upon perceiving Marc-Antoine his face flushed scarlet.

His voice came harsh with anger: "What do you want?"

Marc-Antoine advanced into the narrow opening so as to prevent the door from being slammed in his face.

"I have to talk to you, Vendramin. It is urgent and it is very serious—for you."

"You can talk to me elsewhere. I do not receive—"

"No. I can understand it. But you will receive me."

A moment still Vendramin stood glaring at him. Then abruptly he surrendered.

"Come in then, since you insist. Let him pass, Luca."

Vendramin advanced a step or two. "What do you want with me, Monsieur l'Anglais?"

"I want to tell you that it might have had the most serious consequences for you if I had not been able, as a result of any arrangements you had made for me, to have paid you this little visit. You will have heard, of course, that a friend of yours named Ottolino was fished out of the Canal of San Moisé in the early hours of the morning. You will have surmised how he got there. I hope you have some sense of your responsibility for that poor fellow's untimely end."

"I don't know what you mean."

With a foul oath Vendramin snatched up a decanter from the table. But he was balked of his murderous intention.

"I mean, my dear Messer Leonardo, that at your next attempt upon my life you had better send at least four of your bullies to the job. Two are hardly enough."

Vendramin smiled balefully. "That, my dear Monsieur Melville, is my intention."

"Excellent! I see that we shall understand each other."

"Will you take a piece of advice from me? Leave Venice while you are able to do so. The air here is not very healthy for meddling foreigners."

"I am content to take the risk. But does your own health give you no concern? Have you reflected how short might be your shrift if the inquisitors of state were to discover that in the past six months you have received six thousand ducats from the French legation?"

Vendramin went white to the lips. He took a step forward. "What do you mean by that lie? It's a foul lie—do you hear?"

"Of course if it's a lie it should give you no anxiety."

"I HAVE not had a farthing—not a farthing—from the French legation."

"Strictly speaking, perhaps you have not. But the Citizen Lallemant holds draughts for that amount issued by the legation and cashed at Vivanti's bank. How would you satisfy the inquisitors of state that you have innocently acquired all this French money? How would you persuade them that you had not received it for the purposes which they must naturally assume?"

Vendramin glared at him, speechless and trembling.

Marc-Antoine had been smiling. But he hardened now his tone.

"At any accident to me, of whatsoever nature and even if not fatal, those draughts bearing your signature will immediately be placed in the hands of the inquisitors of state. You understand, I hope?"

Vendramin showed his strong teeth in a rigid grin. Mechanically he wiped the beads of sweat from his upper lip. "You villain!" he said. "You damned blackmailing villain! Is this how men of honour protect themselves in England?"

To Marc-Antoine the amazing thing about these words was that they appeared to be uttered in all sincerity. In whatever else he might be dishonest, Vendramin was honestly persuaded that he was being cruelly abused.

Realizing that sincerity, Marc-Antoine could only laugh. No reply was possible.

## Chapter XIX—The Galled Jade

MESSER VENDRAMIN descended in wrath upon the Vicomtesse de Saulx that afternoon. He found her holding a reception in the black-and-gold salon that was so admirable a setting to her own delicate elegance.

The Barnabotto leader found here the cool reception which was everywhere being vouchsafed him nowadays. Those who did not entirely avoid him barely took the trouble to veil their distaste of him.

Fretted by resentment as well as by impatience, Vendramin was constrained to curb himself until the last of them had taken his departure.

Then the vicomtesse reproached him for the disgruntled air and manner he had paraded among her friends.

"Friends?" he said. He was very bitter. "Faith, if you find your friends among these posturing baggages I can believe anything of you. Nothing surprises me any more. Not even that you should descend to betraying me."

She accommodated herself of her black-and-gold settee, and spread on either side of her the blue panniers of her gown. "Oh, I see. Your ill humour is rooted in jealousy again." She sighed.

He stood before her scowling. "I have, of course, no cause. Your loyalty renders my suspicions shameful. They emanate from the intemperance of my own mind. That is what you would say, is it not?"

"Something of the kind."

"You were wise not to be flippant. I do not happen to be in the humour for it. And you had better not provoke me more than you have done already."

But the dainty little lady laughed at him. "You are not threatening me, by any chance?"

He looked at her malevolently. "My God! Are you quite shameless?"

"It must be that I follow your example, Leonardo, although with less cause for shame."

"What I ask myself is whether a woman had cause for more."

"Your mother perhaps, Leonardo."

He stooped and seized her wrists viciously. "Will you curb that pert tongue of yours before I do you a mischief? I will not have my mother's name on your lips, you jade!"

She rose, suddenly white and fierce, a galled jade indeed under his insult, and she wrenched her wrists away.

"I think you had better go. Out of my house!" And as he stood sneering at her she stamped her foot. "Out of my house! Do you hear me?" She twisted away to reach the bell rope. But he interposed himself.

"You shall hear me first. You shall render me an account of your betrayal."

"You fool, I owe you no account. If we are to talk of accounts you had better think of how you stand in my debt."

"I have occasion to think about it, since you have published it."

"Published it?" Some of the vixenish anger fell from her in her surprise at such a charge. "Published it, do you say?"

"Yes, published it, madam. Published it to your paramour, to this damned Englishman from whom you have no secrets. I could forgive your infidelity. After all, I can make allowances for your wanton kind. But I cannot forgive you for betraying that. Do you know what you have done? You have placed me in this man's power. But that, I suppose, is what you intended!"

Her clear blue eyes were fixed upon him now in distress and surprise rather than in anger. She passed a slim white hand across her brow, disarranging the golden tendrils that curled on either temple.

"My God, this is Greek to me! You are raving, Leonardo. It is all false, this. I have never said a word to Melville or to anyone of the money you have had from me. That I swear to you. As for the rest—" She curled her lip and shrugged. "That Melville is not my lover matters little compared with this."

"That you should have told him this proves him your lover even if I had no other evidence. Why is he always here? Why does he always hover about you when you meet elsewhere?"

"Leave that!" she cried impatiently. "Keep to the main point. Keep to what is really important. This matter of the money. I swear to you again that I have never so much as whispered it."

"Oh, yes, you'll swear and swear! Perjury has never mattered to women of your kind." And fiercely, interlarding his narrative with opprobrium, he told her, with reservations, of his interview that morning with Mr. Melville.

"Now," he asked at the end, "will you still think it worth your while to deny your infamy?"

SHE was too seriously thoughtful even to show resentment of his insults.

"This is much more serious than you realize, Leonardo. I can understand your anger. You would suppose it justified. But that is nothing. There is something else here. Melville's knowledge—his incredible knowledge. What is to discover is how he comes by it."

"Can there be more ways than the one I have supposed?" he asked, and there was still a sneer in his tone.

"I beg you to be serious; for it seems to me we face a real danger. I solemnly assure you, Leonardo, that the only other person who knows anything from me is my cousin Lallemant from whom the supplies came."

"Why must you have told even him what you were doing with the money?"

"It couldn't be avoided. He cross-questioned me as to where it was all going; he upbraided me with my extravagance; he threatened to cut off my supplies. Melville could have discovered it only from Lallemant."

"From Lallemant!" The echo came in a tone of deep amazement. "Do you pretend that the French ambassador is in relations—and in such intimate relations—with this man, with this Englishman?" Almost idly he added: "If he is indeed an Englishman." But even as the rhetorical sentence left his lips he caught his breath on it, and he repeated in quite another tone: "If he is indeed an Englishman!"

His chin sank to his neckcloth, and very slowly, very deeply in thought, he moved to stand before her again. But he was not looking at her. His eyes were fixed upon the ground. It was true that Count Pizzamano answered for him, that he had known him intimately in London. But was it not possible that he might have been deceived?

## Chapter XX—The Diplomats

THE Vicomtesse de Saulx paid the Citizen Lallemant a visit, with two definite objects.

Settling herself in a gilded armchair, she loosened the costly furs in which she was swathed, partly for adornment and partly for protection against the rigorous weather which had now set in. Incased in a little fur bonnet that was fastened under her chin by a ribbon of palest blue satin, her delicately featured, delicately tinted face looked a miracle of allurement.

Lallemant, at his table, considered her with an appreciative smile on his broad peasant face and desired to be informed how he could serve her.

"I want to know," she said, "how much longer I am to keep this fellow Vendramin on the chain."

"My dear child, until I need him, of course."

"Will you be good to me and let that happen soon? I am growing very tired of him."

Lallemant sighed. "God help me! You have the capriciousness, the inconstancy, that goes with ardent temperaments. You should nevertheless remember that I am not concerned with your amusements but with your official duty."

"My official duties are a little too personal to be entirely at the mercy of official requirements."

"You are doing very well out of it. You are being very handsomely paid. You should remember that."

"Oh, I remember it! But we are reaching a point where not all the gold in the Bank of France—if there is any gold there—will compensate me for what I have to endure. This imbecile makes me sick. It is not only that he is absurdly exacting, but he threatens to become violent."

"The Italian temperament. We must reckon with it."

She was mutinous. He got up and wandered round to her. He patted her shoulder; he coaxed her; he praised the work she had done, fanned the embers of her patriotism, and so conducted her into a state of resignation.

"Very well," she consented at last. "For a little while longer I'll do my best. But now that you know what I am enduring I'll depend upon you not to try my patience too far." Then, stroking the fur of the enormous sable muff in her lap, she said casually: "But I wish you would use more frankness with me, Lallemant. To keep me in the dark about things as you do might even have serious consequences. How long has Mr. Melville been in the French service?" She looked up at him suddenly as she asked the question.

Lallemant raised his brows. "That is an extraordinary question." He laughed at her. "And such a feminine method of investigating a suspicion. But isn't the suspicion a little wild for such shrewd wits as yours? Mr. Melville is a very good friend of mine. That is all, my child. Disabuse your mind of anything else."

"I am to believe that the French ambassador in Venice is the very good friend of an Englishman in such times as these? Such a good friend, in fact, that embassy secrets are communicated to him?"

"Embassy secrets! What embassy secrets?"

Lallemant was suddenly very stern. Inwardly he was a little alarmed.

Her answer partly allayed his apprehensions. For she was entirely frank with him on the subject of what last night had been communicated to her by Vendramin.

Lallemant's tone and manner made light of it. "Oh, that! But that is not an embassy secret. In what I disclosed to Melville there was no betrayal of our intentions concerning your Barnabotto. Melville happened to inform me that his life had been attempted and that he went in danger of assassination by this rascal Vendramin."

"What's that?" Her tone was like the edge of a knife and the dainty little face looked suddenly pinched and vicious. "Vendramin never told me that. But is it really true, this?"

"True enough. He sent a couple of bully swordsmen after Melville some nights ago. Melville disposed of those. But he perceived that there would presently be others. He told me what had happened. It lay in my power to present him with a very effective shield. That's all. But you are oddly moved, my dear."

"Why should you be concerned to employ that secret so as to shield an Englishman who has no official connection with you?"

"I am on my defence, it seems. Well, well—I am helpless in your hands. Shall I tell you a secret? Although Melville has no official connection with me at present, I have cultivated him because I have a notion that I may be able to make use of him one of these days. There are all sorts of ways of using a man without directly employing him."

Here at last was a reasonable explanation. Her knowledge of Lallemant's methods made it convincing. But her scorn was aroused. "Do you know that sometimes you disgust me, Lallemant—you and this vile service of yours? You sit here in this office like some fat obscene spider weaving your web of intrigue. Why must you want to enmesh a decent man like Mr. Melville in your slime?"

But Lallemant laughed without a trace of irritation.

## Chapter XXI—Arcole and Rivoli

WARNED by Marc-Antoine of the present French attitude toward armed neutrality and of the hopes they founded on it of providing them with pretexts for a declaration of war, Count Pizzamano bestirred himself with the energy of despair. As a result there was an assembly a week later in Lodovico Manin's study in the Casa Pesaro. Seven alarmed gentlemen came there to consider with the Doge the situation in which the Serenissima found herself and the measures to be taken. There was Francesco Pesaro, the leading advocate of action; Giovanni Balbo and Marco Barbaro, members of the Council of Ten; the state inquisitor Catarin Corner; and Giacomo Nani, the proveditor of the lagoons. To these, who were to form his deputation, the count had added Leonardo Vendramin as the leader of the Barnabotti.

These demands—following upon an exposition of the situation—were that his Serenity should give his most serious consideration to an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria. The armed neutrality, toward which they were at last moving, would come too late. It no longer met the case.

Whatever the Doge had been bracing himself to hear, he had certainly been very far from expecting this. Pale and agitated, he rose to denounce the proposal as sheer madness.

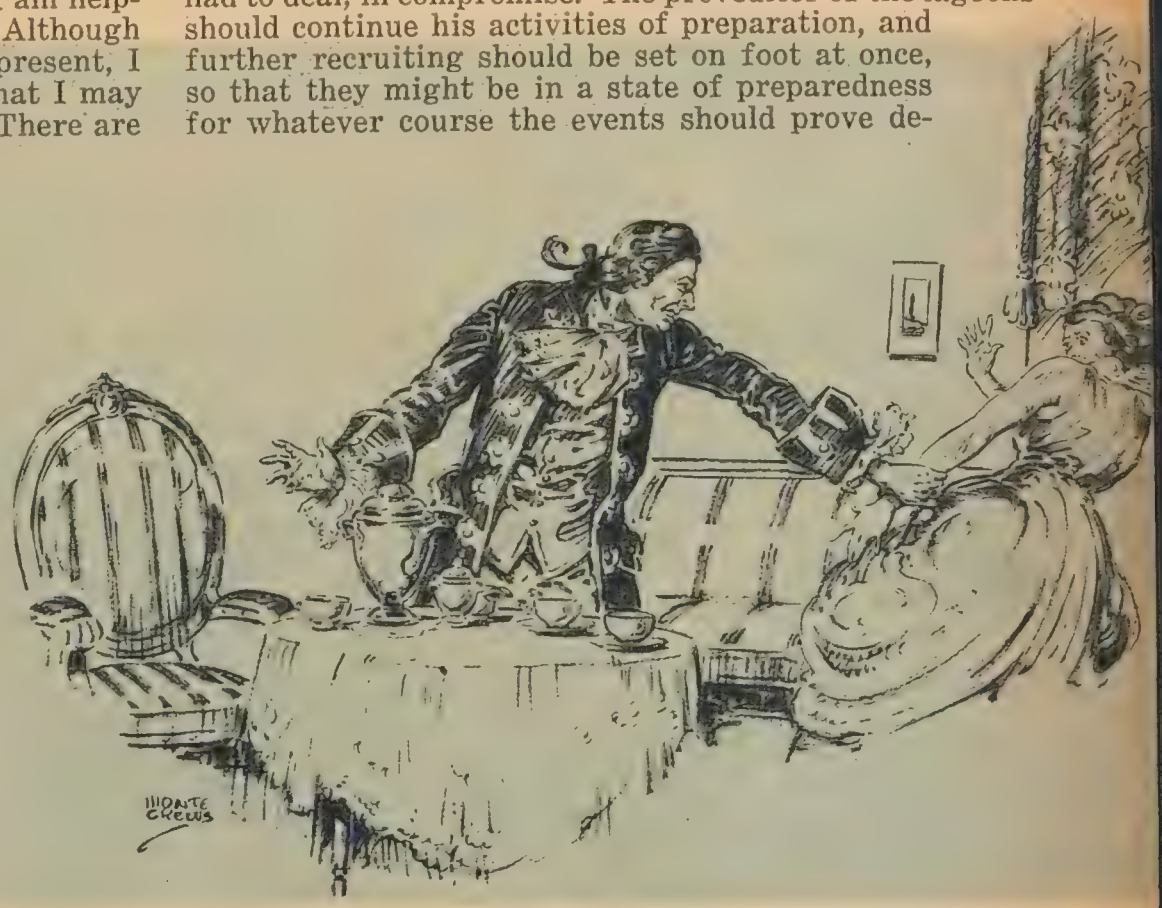
Francesco Pesaro, however, that gravely courteous gentleman who was perhaps the strongest man in Venice in those disastrous days, constrained the irresolute Doge to hear the facts.

In the Tyrol and on the Piave the Austrian troops were massing. Soon Alvinzy would have under his command an army of some forty thousand men to oppose a similar number under Bonaparte. Although the French were under the handicap of having Mantua strongly held against them, yet the scales were somewhat too evenly balanced for assurance of Austrian victory, in which today it must be admitted lay Venice's only hope of security.

When Pesaro and Pizzamano had pushed their pleas, Catarin Corner, the inquisitor, interpolated yet another argument. He spoke with quiet incisiveness, his clear-cut ascetic face as calm as his tone. He pointed out the error of making assumptions of friendliness on the part of the French. From his office as one of the inquisitors he derived authority for what he said. Their spies were diligently at work, observing and at need pursuing the ubiquitous French agents, not all of whom were French. There had been, he informed them in his quiet level voice, more secret arrests than perhaps they suspected, and, after conviction of correspondence with the French, not a few secret executions. Vendramin was conscious of a chill down his spine as he listened to this.

BUT although the argument was protracted for some hours, it was impossible to tear the weak vacillating old Doge from the errors to which he clung so obstinately and in which alone he seemed able to display strength.

The matter ended, as all matters ended with which he had to deal, in compromise. The proveditor of the lagoons should continue his activities of preparation, and further recruiting should be set on foot at once, so that they might be in a state of preparedness for whatever course the events should prove desirable. In the meanwhile he promised that he would keep in mind and further consider all that the deputation had urged, and that he would pray for guidance.



He was still considering them when in the early days of November Alvinzy's army began to march. And then, suddenly, Venice rang with news of Austrian successes. Masséna had been beaten on the Brenta; Augereau, heavily defeated at Bassano, was retreating upon Verona.

Stimulated by this, Pizzamano and his resolute associates returned to the assault. This was the moment. Whilst the French were staggering, let Venice strike the blow that must put a definite end to the menace of Bonaparte. They were still urging this when, by the end of the month, the French situation had grown so desperate that the Doge could answer them that Venetian intervention was no longer even necessary.

Bonaparte's hopeless situation finds expression in the cry contained in his dispatch of the 13th of that month of November to the Directory: "The Army of Italy reduced to a handful of men is exhausted. . . . We are abandoned in the interior of Italy. The brave men remaining regard death as inevitable amid chances so continual and with forces so inferior in number."

And then, when all seemed ended, when the loud jubilation in Venice bore witness to relief from the anxieties that had been simmering under her ever frivolous surface, the genius of the Corsican was once more displayed. Four days after he had written that dispatch, he had heavily defeated Alvinzy's army on the bloody field of Arcole and was driving its wreckage before him.

But it soon was realized that the French had snatched

Villetard was frowning. "You do not seem to understand, Citizen Lebel, that I have been sent here to coöperate with you—with you and the citizen-ambassador."

victory from the ashes of defeat at a cost they could not afford. They had gained a breathing space; no more. Heavy reënforcements were being hurried to Alvinzy. Mantua held firmly against Sérurier's blockade. Arcole, in the Venetian view, had merely postponed a conclusion which it could not avert. The French were face to face with ruin.

Effectively to maintain the rôle of Lebel, Marc-Antoine wrote strongly to Barras as Lebel would have written, urging Bonaparte's need of reenforcements if all that had been won were not to be thrown away. He had no qualms in writing thus. His representations, he knew, could add nothing to those which Bonaparte himself was making.

At the legation he naturally played the part of one who shared the anxieties by which it was pervaded.

One day he found Lallemant more than ordinarily perturbed.

"I am wondering," said the ambassador, "whether, after all, there is anything to justify your lingering here. I have sure information that the police are hunting Venice for you at this moment."

"FOR me?" Marc-Antoine was taken genuinely aback.

"For the Citizen-Representative Lebel. They are assured of his presence. They have, of course, been more or less aware of it ever since that ultimatum of yours on the subject of the ci-devant Comte de Provence." He sighed a little wearily. "These Venetians are rousing themselves to audacity now that they think our claws have been cut. My last courier was held up by General Salimbeni at Padua. He was eventually allowed to proceed with my dispatches to the Directory. But I learn that a letter of yours to Barras was detained on the ground that it was a personal and not an official communication. It is in the hands of the inquisitors of state, and Messer Grande has received orders to discover and arrest you."

The only thing in all this that really impressed Marc-Antoine was the efficiency it revealed of the Secret Service which Lallemant had organized.

"It is not possible that they should identify me with Lebel," he said.

"I am of the same opinion. But if they should it would go very hard with the man whom they regard as having placed them under the shame of expelling the soi-disant Louis

XVIII from Venetian territory. And I should be given no chance of intervening on your behalf. The inquisitors move very secretly and they leave no traces."

Marc was to receive confirmation of this assertion from Count Pizzamano that same evening. The count welcomed the interception of Lebel's letter as a sign that at last the Serenissima was asserting her right. He dwelt on the secret presence in Venice of this man Lebel, whom he described as a cat's-paw of Barras. It was one more evidence of the evil intentions toward them of the French, and it would go very ill with this secret envoy when he was found.

While life flowed care-free in Venice, Alvinzy was on the march again with his reorganized army. He came to the relief of Mantua, and to deliver the decisive blow that should end this campaign.

His defeat on the snow-clad field of Rivoli, with the capture of Provera's division of seven thousand men and thirty guns, gave pause for a moment to the new year carnival gaieties in Venice. But even now the alarm was far from being either as deep or as general as the circumstances warranted. With the aim of overriding panic, the government deliberately circulated the assurance that it would provide for whatever might be necessary. In that assurance amusement was resumed.

## Chapter XXII—The Citizen Villetard

MARC-ANTOINE was roused on the morning of the first Sunday in Lent by a peremptory summons from Lallemant.

Closeted with Lallemant Marc-Antoine found a young-old man of middle height, whose pallid foxy countenance, lean and dry and lined, seemed too old for his lithe active body. His lean sinewy legs were incased in white buckskins, and his knee boots were black with reversed yellow tops. He wore a long riding coat of rough brown cloth with silver buttons and very wide lapels. And on his conical brown hat the tricolor. He was without visible weapons.

Lallemant, who did not appear to be in the best of humours, presented him as the Citizen Villetard, an envoy from General Bonaparte.

The keen glance of the man's small sunken eyes played searchingly over Marc-Antoine. He nodded curtly in acknowledgement of Marc-Antoine's bow. His voice was harsh and rasping and its tone insolent.

"I have heard of you, Citizen Lebel. You have been some months in Venice. But you do not appear to have accomplished very much."

Marc-Antoine perceived at once that this was only to be met by a similar aggressiveness.

"I render my accounts to the Directors, from whom I take my orders," was his cold answer, his eyes so hard and level that the other's arrogance faltered under their glance.

"General Bonaparte finds it necessary to supplement them. That is why I am here. The Little Corporal is tired of temporizings. The hour for action has arrived."

"So long," said Marc-Antoine, "as his wishes coincide with those of the Directory we shall do our best to realize them for him. Since he has thought it worth while to send you to Venice, I trust that you bring some useful suggestion."

Villetard was frowning. "You do not seem to understand, Citizen Lebel, that I have been sent here to coöperate with you—with you and the citizen-ambassador."

"THAT is different. Almost you had conveyed that you came here to give orders, which you must understand is inadmissible until the Directory relieves me of my responsibility. Your coöperation, of course, will be as welcome to Lallemant as it is to me."

"My dear Citizen Lebel—" the other was beginning to protest, when he was interrupted by the peremptory hand which Marc-Antoine raised.

"Here in Venice, Citizen Villetard, I am known as Mr. Melville, an English idler."

"Ah, bah!" Villetard was contemptuously jocular. "We can afford to throw off our masks now that we are about to prick this oligarchic bubble."

"I shall prefer that you wait until the bubble has been pricked. Shall we come to business?"

It transpired that Villetard's first business was to obtain and forward at once to Bonaparte the chart of the soundings taken in the canals approaching Venice from the mainland. Lallemant had to confess that they were incomplete. After the arrest and suppression of Terzi and Sartoni he had abandoned the matter as too obviously dangerous.

Villetard was sarcastic. "I suppose you have been assuming that Bonaparte would invade Venice with an army of ducks," he ended.

Coldly Marc-Antoine asserted himself again: "Would not consideration of the means to employ be more profitable than sarcasms about the means neglected? It will save time. And you have said yourself, Citizen Villetard, that there is no time to lose."

"What I have said is that too much time has been lost," was the truculent answer. "But certainly let us consider what means are now available. Do you know of anyone capable of undertaking the work? After all it does not require a great deal of intelligence."

"You realize," said Lallemant, "the risk with which it is fraught. It is certain death to the man who is detected."

"Therefore the man to be employed should be one who is not otherwise valuable," was the cynical answer.

"Of course. I would naturally not employ a Frenchman. But, as it for-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tunately happens, I have under my hand a Venetian whom I think we can coerce."

He mentioned Vendramin and the nature of the coercion. Marc-Antoine was conscious of a sudden throb of hope.

"Vendramin?" said Villetard. "Oh, yes, I've heard of him. One of the preachers of Francophobia." He appeared to be very fully informed. "Where is this Barnabotto to be found?"

They found him that same Sunday evening at the lodging of the Vicomtesse de Saulx. And they found him there because Lallemant so contrived it. He instructed the vicomtesse to ask Vendramin to supper. Then, accompanied by Villetard, he presented himself at the Casa Gazzola at nine o'clock, by when he judged that supper would be over.

It was. But Vendramin and the vicomtesse were still at table.

"Do you know, Cousin François, you arrive very opportunely," said the vicomtesse with her sweetest smile.

"That," said the portly ambassador, "is to make me happy. You mean, I suppose, that you will be wanting something. What is it?"

"Do you think that you could advance me two or three hundred ducats?"

The ambassador blew out his red cheeks and raised his brows. "God of God, Anne! You say two or three hundred as if there were no difference between the one figure and the other."

"What is the difference after all?" She leaned over and set a hand, long, slim, and of a dazzling whiteness, upon his black-satin arm. "Come, François. Be a good child and let me have two hundred and fifty."

Lallemant looked at her gravely. "You don't seem to realize how large a sum it is. What can you want it for?"

"What need that matter to you?"

"It matters very much." He looked across at Vendramin, and his eyes, usually kindly, had become a little hard. "If, for instance, you are proposing to add this, or any part of this, to the money that this gentleman already owes you—"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Vendramin. His face flamed scarlet. He made as if to rise, then sank together again on his chair as the vicomtesse exclaimed:

"François! How can you? This is to betray my confidence."

Villetard quietly sipped his wine like one who seeks to efface himself.

"Betray your confidence, my dear! What will you say next? Can Monsieur Vendramin suppose that in a few months I would advance you sums amounting in all to some six or seven thousand ducats without informing myself of what was becoming of the money?"

AND now, to increase Vendramin's almost intolerable and speechless discomfort, Lallemant's saturnine companion thrust himself into the matter:

"There is no reason why the citoyenne should not be repaid at once. Transfer the debt from the citoyenne to the French Republic, as moneys paid to this Venetian gentleman out of the Secret Service funds on account of services to be rendered."

"That is an idea," said Lallemant; and in the deathly stillness that followed he turned his dark eyes questioningly upon Vendramin.

The Venetian was staring blankly. "I do not think I understand," he faltered.

Villetard uttered a short bark of laughter. "God of God! It's plain enough, isn't it? You have received from the French Secret Service funds an advance of six thousand ducats, or some such sum, on account of services to be rendered. The time has come to render them. May we take it that you will adopt this method of discharging your debt?"

With a foul oath Vendramin snatched up a decanter from the table. He was balked of his murderous intention by the vicomtesse. Suddenly on her feet, she clutched his arm. A glass was swept to the floor and shivered there. Almost like an echo of the sound came the rasping voice of Villetard, who had not moved:

"Sit down!"

Villetard, still sitting back and slightly tilting his chair, still looking at him with that expression of contempt, spoke again:

"Sit down, you fool, and listen. And in God's name, let us be calm. In heat nothing was ever accomplished. Just survey your position. You have had these sums of money from the French Secret Service funds. They have been paid to you in draughts on Vivanti's issued by the French legation, and these draughts have been countersigned by you in acknowledgement of the money. Do you suppose that you will be allowed to swindle the French government by refusing now to do the work for which you have been paid?"

"That is infamous," cried the livid Venetian. "Infamous! You may take your treacherous proposals to the devil. Where I am concerned you may do your worst. My answer to you is, no! No, and be damned to you!"

"I don't happen to be the man to take no for an answer," said Villetard. "You say that we may do our worst. Have you reflected what that might be? Have you considered, for instance, how you would allay the natural assumptions of the inquisitors of state as to the purpose for which you received these sums of money from the French embassy?"

VENDRAMIN stood there with the feeling that the blood was draining from his heart. Gradually sheer terror came to stare out of his prominent blue eyes.

He looked at them with eyes that narrowed suddenly.

"If I were to listen to you—if I were to agree to do what you want—what guaranty should I have that you would keep faith with me?"

"There would be our word," Lallemant assured him.

But Vendramin shook his head, his face twisted in a sardonic smile. "I should need something more than that."

"But what else can we give you?"

Vendramin leaned across the table. "You can give me the draughts that you hold as proof of what you call my debt to you."

On the point of answering, Lallemant suddenly checked. He sat silent and thoughtful. "Come to me at the embassy tomorrow in the forenoon and we will settle the terms with you."

"You mean that you agree?" Vendramin was eager.

"I mean that I will let you know tomorrow morning."

Lallemant withheld explanation until the two men were in their gondola, on the way back to the Madonna del' Orto. Then, at last, he satisfied Bonaparte's envoy.

"I have my reasons, of course. In the case of Lebel there are more than ordinary reasons why none of my people should be allowed to guess his real identity. It would have been impossible to have discussed this matter before the vicomtesse without disclosing it. That is why I preferred to wait until we should be by ourselves."

"I don't myself see what there is to discuss. This miserable Barnabotto was ready to come to terms and—"

Again he was interrupted: "If you will have a little patience, my dear Villetard, you shall learn what there is to discuss." And he told his companion of the danger of assassination to shield himself from which Lebel employed those draughts on Vivanti's which Vendramin now asked him to surrender. "Now, if harm should befall this plenipotentiary of the Directory through my having neglected any precautions, that would be a very serious thing. I do not care about the responsibility."

Villetard was impatient. "If the Little Corporal doesn't get what he wants the consequences may be still more serious. Lebel must take his chances."

"But you'll agree that I must consult him?"

"There is only one thing to be done. Is that clear?"

"It is clear," said Lallemant, stifling his resentment of that hectoring tone. "But let it be also clear to you that I shall not do it until I have exhausted every attempt to constrain Vendramin without going quite so far."

"That is legitimate," Villetard admitted. "But it is the utmost that I will permit."

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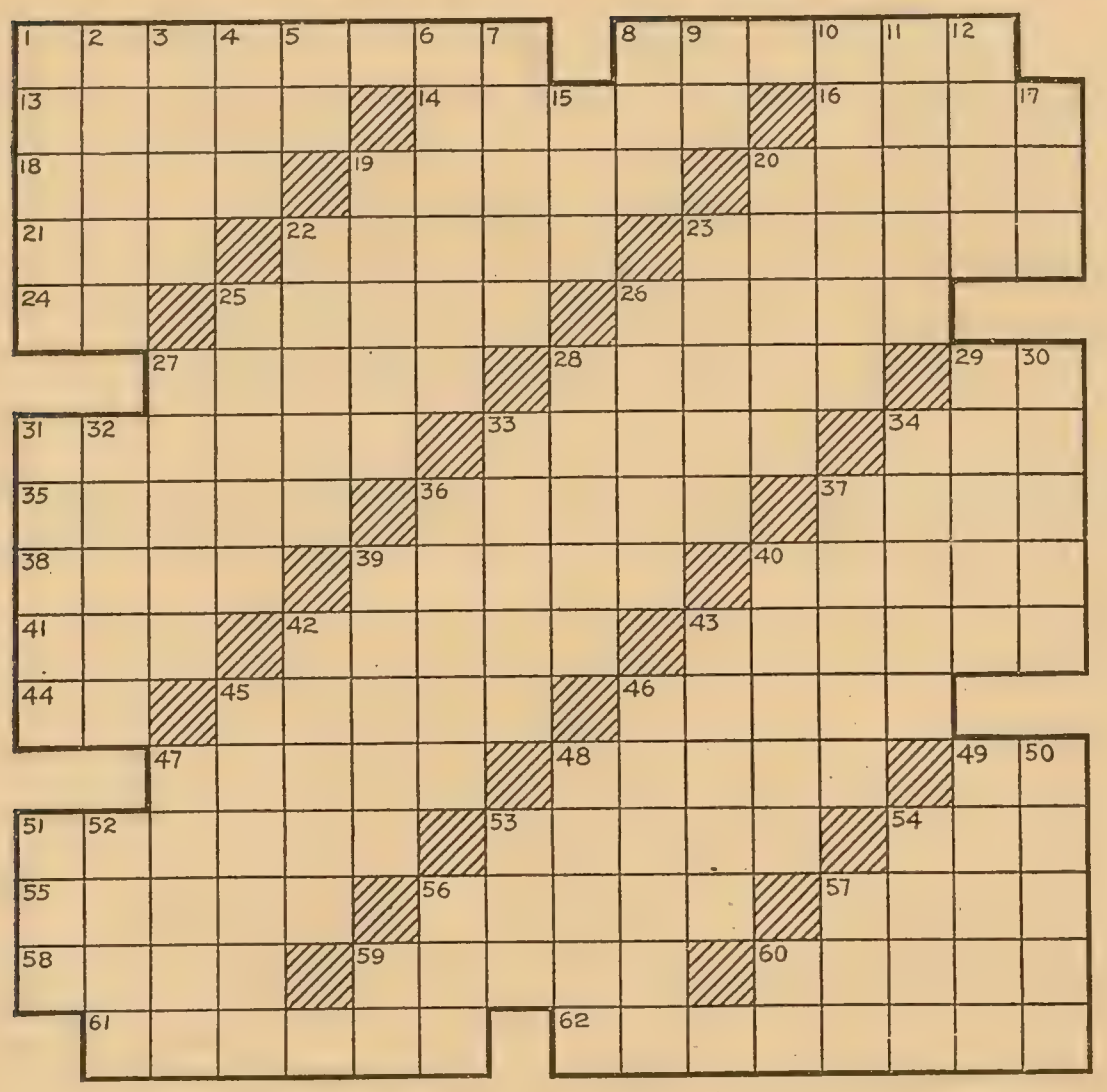
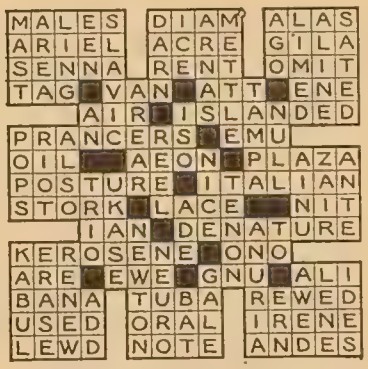
*In next week's installment you will read what happens when Vendramin visits the French embassy the next day.*

# CROSS WORDS



## HORIZONTAL

1 Leads
8 Edge
13 Prince of Sind
14 Aquatic fish-eating mammal
16 To handcuff; fetter
18 Son of Adam
19 Gastropod mollusk
20 Avoid
21 Small plot of ground under cultivation
22 Plug or wooden pin used to stop a vent
23 Made light, as with leaven
24 An area ten meters square
25 Hatred or ill will toward another
26 Sustained or supported
27 Interval between two or more objects
28 Solitary
29 A parent
31 Containing salt
33 Coarse
34 A gypsy
35 Body of an animal
36 Raise with tackle
37 Portal
38 Poems
39 French artist
40 Harbor
41 Footlike part
42 Turkish council of state
43 Heavenly bodies
44 Printer's measure
45 Species of pepper
46 A language
47 More pallid
48 Rent



Answer to last week's puzzle

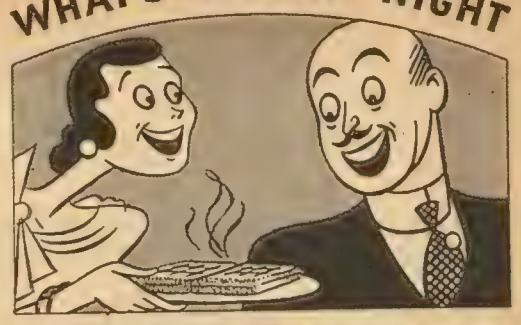
49 Exist
51 Separated
53 Urbane
54 Cry of a sheep
55 Obsequies
56 Small mean house
57 Lubricates
58 Small fish
59 Measure of length
60 Very fat
61 Transmitter
62 Wives of former Russian rulers

## VERTICAL

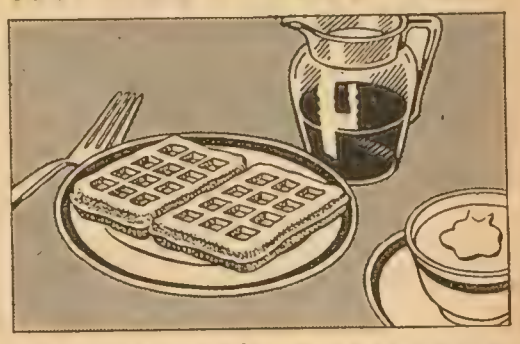
1 Chief object of pilgrimage of the Islamic world
2 A game at cards
3 Want
4 A state of the Union (abbr.)
5 City in ancient Chaldea
6 An explosive
7 Not freshly made
8 Deity in Babylonian mythology
9 Either
10 Pertaining to a deity
11 Expunge
12 Went as passenger
15 Bind
17 Man's nickname
19 Pungent odor
20 Obtains by effort
22 To chastise
23 Perch
25 Whirls
26 Destroy
27 Turns about a fixed point
28 Greek poet of Lesbos
29 Vocal composition on a sacred text
30 Word of solemn ratification (plural)
31 Mine excavation
32 Forest in England
33 Shade of red
34 A bird
36 Hang about
37 Street urchin
39 Quoted
40 Hostelry
42 Strikes out (print.)
43 To raise frivolous objections
45 To thrive
46 Large gland (plural)
47 Expense
48 Fastening device
49 Kind of life raft
50 Relieves of strain
51 Seed envelope
52 Sleeveless Arab garment (plural)
53 Bed
54 French word for well
56 Pronoun
57 Species of sorcery
59 Pronoun
60 Else

**The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue**


WHAT'S SUNDAY NIGHT



WITHOUT WAFFLES



AND WHAT'S A WAFFLE

without LOG CABIN SYRUP

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that nothing will remove

Would you like a lovely skin? A complexion that won't come off—a radiant color all your own? If constipation is the cause of your troubles give your system the little calcium that it needs—and note the immediate improvement.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers help Nature to quickly rid the system of impurities and poisonous wastes that cause pimples, blotches, acne and other skin blemishes. A week-end's use will frequently work a wondrous change. From the very first day you should see and feel the difference.

Bright, sparkling eyes! Clear, satin-smooth skin free from faults! Nails and hair alive and glossy with sound growth! And a warm flush of natural color radiating from within—refreshingly lovely color that no rouge can imitate, and nothing can remove. Try them this week-end.

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A sample package—sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent to you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 10-S, Marshall, Mich.

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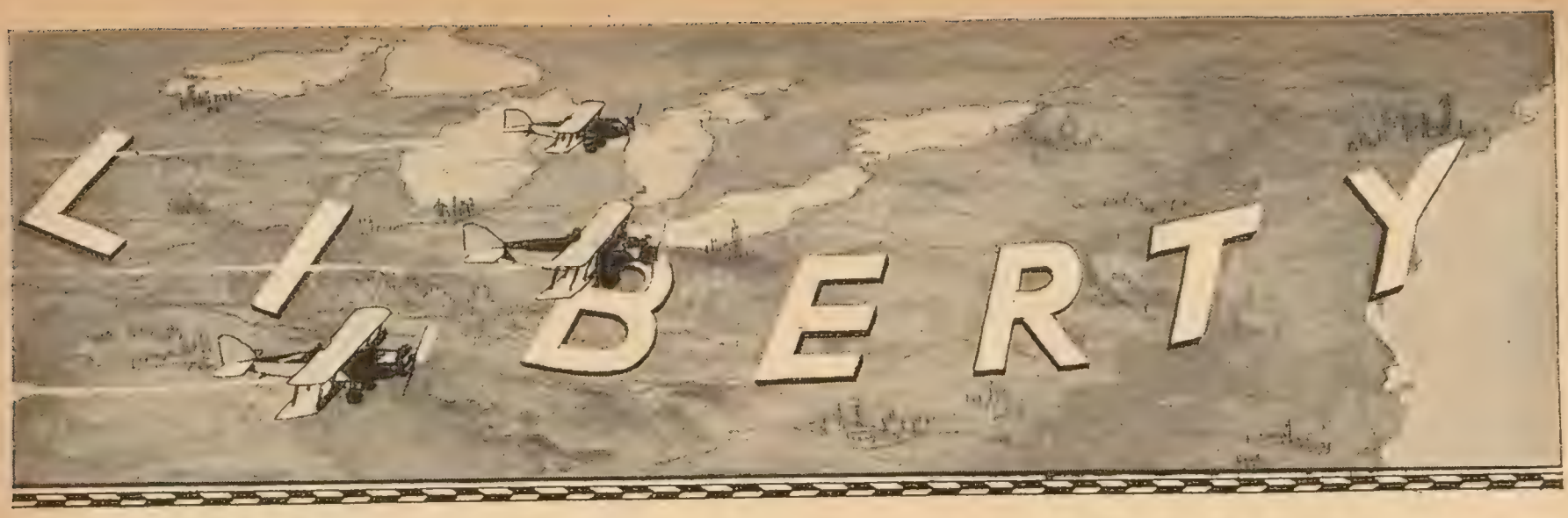



# The GREAT WINGED TREASURE HUNT

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)*

BRIGHT and early Tuesday morning, October 3, two hundred or more ladies and gentlemen will step into their planes in St. Louis, Missouri—and the first great aërial treasure hunt of the world will get under way.

This unique sport may become, in time, as common as fox-hunting in England.

But up to the present no grander spectacle has been planned than this cross-country hunt which is sponsored by Liberty.

The skies will groan with the passage of these planes. Their flight will hide the sun, and fast swift shadows will fall upon the earth.

St. Louis will watch them vanish in the blue. Terre Haute will see them, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Syracuse. Perhaps Indianapolis and Columbus will see them too.

The hunters will stop in Albany for the "pre-pageant dinner," and will fly in a body to Roosevelt Field for the National Air Pageant to be given for charity on October 7 and 8.

These riders of the sky will compete not only for points but also for money prizes and the exquisite silver trophy to be awarded by Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty.

They will be furnished with gas and oil. Their hangar and hotel bills will be paid. They will be entertained lavishly at every stop they make.

Before each plane takes off, its pilot will be given a rhymed clue which, when properly decoded, will lead him to one of the seven letters spelling the word Liberty. These letters, sixty feet long, will be stretched on the earth outside the seven cities chosen for the stops. At each letter the clue to the next will be found.

Points will be awarded for the discovery of each letter, and for the accuracy shown by the pilot in marking the discovery spots on his map.

Frank M. Hawks, one of the nation's most celebrated flyers, will be the chief pilot of the treasure hunt.

He will leave the various fields after the last contestant has taken off, and will be at the next stop before the fastest of the hunters has arrived.

Hawks will fly the swiftest plane of transport type in the world—the Sky Chief, he calls it. It has a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour and a ceiling of 30,000 feet.

It is a Northrup Gamma plane powered with a Wright Whirlwind fourteen-cylinder engine, a beautiful all-metal silver bird.

Though the plane flies best at high altitudes, Hawks will fly low enough so that all those below may see him plainly.

The treasure hunters are amateurs, flying common stock planes. They are members of the Sportsman Pilot Association.

They come from all parts of the United States, and number among them some of America's most prominent men and women, including: Louis C. Huck of Grosse Pointe, Mich., Cliff Durant of Roscommon, Mich., John W. Pattison, L. M. Schmidlapp, and Ralph D. Ballmann of Cincinnati, Ralph B. Oakley of Moline, Ill., Edward L. McVey, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio, R. H. Hunter of Emporium, Pa., Edward F. Knight of Perrysburg, Ohio, H. G. Johnstone of Chicago, Ed Voras of Elkhart, Ind., F. J. Bowers of Greenville, Pa., Lloyd M. Damron of Elsberry, Mo., R. W. Ransom of Sioux Falls, S. D., Dr. A. G. Phelps of Missoula, Mont., J. B. Dahl of Chicago, J. Lauren Freeman and Harry Hodgins of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. Ora R. McMurry of Eagle River, Wis., S. L. Hurt of Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. Robert D. Jackson of Ridgefield, Conn., Raoul Cote of Kankakee, Ill., Charles M. Taylor of Little Rock, Ark., Leo Sullivan of Grand Rapids, Mich., Thomas B. Colby of Detroit, Miss M. Davis of New York, Margaret Arnold Kinball of Lexington, Mass., Helen Richey of McKeesport; Pa., Miss Jessamine Goddard of New York, and Donald G. Graham of Seattle, Wash.

THOSE fortunate enough to attend the National Air Pageant at Roosevelt Field—of which Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt is honorary chairman—will not only see these two hundred and more treasure seekers swoop down out of the air, led by Hawks's silver Sky Chief, but they will witness many other spectacles as well.

The champion amateur pilots are to be selected, the best man and woman air chauffeurs.

Professional pilots will try to break the world's speed record for land planes.

Al Williams, one of America's aces, will appear in a "mystery" aërobatic exhibition. There will be a thrill a minute.

And the Canadian Light Airplane Club—S. B. Cleverley, J. McMullen, Kenneth Smith, and Sidney Nesbit—will fly to defend the trophy it won last year at Cleveland.

The challengers are teams of four furnished by airplane clubs in Westchester County, New York, Long Island, and Philadelphia.

They will attempt to win the cup in a relay race. The planes will start at a given place on signal. They will fly a certain distance, and stop. Each pilot will relinquish his ship to one of his teammates, who will take it on to the next stop, to be in turn relieved by the third teammate. The last man who comes in first—strange as that seems—will win for his team.

There will be many races and many trophies, and an enormous crowd is expected.

The money received at the gate will go to charities.

The pageant is to be held under the auspices of the Sportsman Pilot Association of America and the United States Amateur Air Pilots Association.

THE END

# Is the Sea Serpent a MYTH *or a* MYTHTER?

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

*Picture by* PADEREWSKI

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 20 seconds.)*

NOW that people are back from the seashore again we can scrutinize those reports on sea serpents! Coming after reports on budgets, taxes, and the increase in pellagra, a good sea-serpent report is a relief. At least there is some ground for argument about a sea serpent.

There was, for instance, the famous serpent seen by the members of the crew of the schooner Mrs. Ella B. Margolies off Gloucester in 1896. I will set down the excerpt from the ship's log for what it is worth (closing price .003):

"On Board Mrs. Ella B. Margolies. August 6, 1896. Lat. 24° 57′ S., long. 16 ft. E. . . . Brooklyn-8; St. Louis-4. . . . Am. T. & T. 20½.

"In the 4 to 6 watch, at about 5 o'clock, we observed a most remarkable fish on our lee quarter, crossing the stern in a S. W. direction. The appearance of the head, which with the back fin (or upper leg) was the only portion of the animal visible, was something similar to that of a rabbit, only without the ears. It (the animal) pursued a steady undeviating course, keeping its head horizontal with the surface of the water except when it turned to look backward as if it were flirting with something.

"Once a small pennant was raised just above where the tail should be, a pennant which, according to the code of the sea, signified 'Owner on Board.'"

This same animal was seen from points along the shore at Gloucester and Bass Rock, and officials of the Odd Creatures Society took the trouble to investigate. The answers given by Roger Bivalve, a fisherman living in a lobster trap on Point Pixie, are representative as well as enlightening.

*Q.* When did you first see the animal?

*A.* I should say shortly after falling down on the rocks in front of my place.

*Q.* At what distance?

*A.* Once it was in my lap. Other times about fifty yards out.

*Q.* What was its general appearance?

*A.* Something awful.

*Q.* Did it appear jointed or serpentine?

*A.* Serpentine, by all means.

*Q.* Describe its eyes and mouth.

*A.* Well, its eyes were beautiful. I thought for a while that I was in love with it. Its mouth was more mocking than anything, which gave me the tip-off.

*Q.* Had it fins or legs, and where?

*A.* Do I have to answer that?

*Q.* Did it make any sound or noise?

*A.* I should say it was more of a cackle, or perhaps a laugh. I know I didn't like it.

*Q.* Do you drink?

*A.* Only medicinally, and then never after I fall over.

. . . . . .

It is too bad that there should be this suspicion of excess drinking attached to reports of sea serpents, because I myself have a story which might help solve a great many problems in marine mystery, but I fear the effect it might have on my children's opinion of me.

Oh, well, I might as well get it off my chest! . . . I am not a drinking man by nature, and although on this particular day I had rubbed a little alcohol into my hair to keep the flies away, I have every reason to believe that I was in full possession of my senses. (I don't suppose that I can say *full* possession, for I have three more payments to make before they are really mine.) I had been talking to an old friend whom I hadn't seen for years, and the next time we looked at the clock it was Friday; so I said: "Well, Harry, what do you say we call it a week and knock off?" Harry was agreeable, so we went and bought two hats to put on so that we wouldn't have to go home bareheaded.

I know that this sounds fishy, but just as sure as I am standing here at this minute, I looked down the length of the hat store, and there, right by the little door where the clerks went in and out, something caught my eye—no mean trick in itself, as my eye was not in a roving mood right then, as I was concentrating on a brown fedora which I fortunately did not buy. It was as if something with a long tail had just disappeared around the corner of the door.

I thought nothing of it at first, thinking that it was probably a salesman who had a long tail and who was going about his business. But the more I thought it over the stranger it seemed to me that I had not noticed a salesman with a long tail before, as we had been in the shop several hours by this time.

So I excused myself politely and tiptoed down to the door where I had seen the disappearing object. It was quite a long walk, as I got into another store by mistake and had to inquire my way back, but soon I reached the rear of the original hat store and looked out into the workroom. There, stretched across an ironing board where they had been reblocking old derbies, I saw a sight which made my blood run cold.

Beginning at one end of the ironing board and stretching across it and off the other end into the window—

I guess that I was right in the first place. I never should have begun to tell it. You wouldn't understand!

THE END

### A Plan to Help the Unemployed Ex-Service Man by Putting Him Back on the Land

HOUSTON, TEX.—Knowing that Liberty and the Roosevelt administration advocate the Back to the Land movement as one means of combating the depression, would like to offer a few suggestions for consideration.

Many former soldiers now unemployed and depending on charity came from farms and are holders of adjusted compensation certificates—bonuses. The present administration has set aside $25,000,000 for "subsistence homesteads"; it advocates the purchase of marginal land and the reduction of wheat and cotton acreage as a means of aiding agriculture.

Now, then! Suppose that all of those unemployed ex-service men who are holders of these bonuses and are willing to accept acreage for same according to balance due them were permitted to do so. All marginal land fit for "subsistence homesteads" acquired by the government could be used for this purpose; and if the wheat- and cotton-reduction acreage were bought instead of merely being leased out of competitive production, this land could be used likewise.

The result would be the payment of bonuses, the retirement of marginal land from competitive agricultural production, the reduction of wheat and cotton acreage, and the decrease of unemployment and of charity appropriations.

It can be done!—*F. A. Schwemin.*

### The New Deal Makes a Hit with This Reader

COMPTON, CALIF.—Every spare moment that I have is spent in reading. I am interested primarily in articles that are of a political, social, and religious nature. My greatest interest is in stuff that smacks of ways and means to make the New Deal a success and to keep it successful. Short stories are a relaxation to me.

The main purpose of this letter is to extend words of praise for the article in Liberty of August 26—Back Up the New Deal! by Jay Franklin. It is a masterpiece. In it is contained the fundamental principles of paving the way for the future happiness and social welfare of the American people.

In conclusion—you have me started. As soon as I can scrape up two bucks they will be sent out for a year's subscription to Liberty.—*Wm. J. Winchester.*

### Ananiasly Yourself

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mr. Whitcomb of Zellwood, Florida, in the September 2 Vox Pop, says he works cross word puzzles with a fountain pen, no errors and no dictionary.

That ain't bad, but my ten-year-old boy worked one with a left-hand tattooing needle and played shortstop on his high-school team, without an error, at the same time.

The only time he had to use his head was when he made a triple play, unassisted, while tattooing in 32 horizontal. Ananiasly yours.—*Burt Housel.*

### As Usual, the Marines Have Landed and Have the Situation in Hand

MARINE DETACHMENT, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEIPING, CHINA—In the Vox Pop of the July 8 issue you published a letter from an ex-"flatfoot" in which he made a motion that the motto of the Marine Corps be changed from "*Semper Fidelis*" to "In Union There Is Strength."

The ancient marine custom (as he calls it) of waiting until the gobs are outnumbered is aptly illustrated in the following verse, which is very well known to all in the U. S. service:

> Ten thousand gobs laid down their swabs to fight one sick marine.
> Ten thousand more stood by and swore 'twas the greatest fight they'd ever seen.

Thanking you for your valuable time and space.—*D. L. A.*

### An Emigré Writes of the Old Days of the Czarist Court

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.—Princess Radziwill and Hermann Ostrer in letters to Vox Pop in the September 9 issue have saved me a lot of trouble. The former has voiced (or rather penned) my objections to the story told by Rasputin's daughter. The Siberian peasant was no more a monk than is Casanova who on Vox Pop page refused counterfeit money; and his daughter was more likely to have danced to the music of Casanova's master than to the orchestra screened by flowers in the Winter Palace. There were no balls given there in my day, as Madame Radziwill rightly asserts, but the Empress gave one or two balls in 1911 at the beautiful new palace of Livadia in the Crimea—informal affairs mostly—for young people. Rasputin's daughter was not among those invited. I know, for I was there and had a fine time.

As to Mr. Ostrer, he too has penned my opinion of Still Alive. But I don't like that tale, though I do not doubt its truth. It reminds me of a time that I try to forget.—*G. A. Miloradovitch.*

### It's Old Age Creeping Up

HATTIESBURG, MISS.—I am another of your readers who answer one or two of your Twenty Questions. Some of them are nice questions. I think you must be slipping for I answered five in your September 2 issue.—*Cora McDonald.*

### A Couple of Readers Get Out the Hammer for Happy Days

NEW SMYRNA, FLA.—Let's all get together and vote for longer and more stories like Five Days and less pages of Happy Days. Who cares what "Buzzie" and "Sistie" wear and where they go to school? As for recipes from the White House—we all can't afford to eat regularly, so why tempt us with things like that?

Personally, I had rather have two short stories or four pages of Vox Pop than that junk of Mrs. Dall's.

If you don't do something about this soon I am going to stop borrowing my neighbor's Liberty every week.—*A Friend.*

HAVERHILL, MASS.—I have been a constant reader of Liberty Magazine for the past three years and have never found a single criticism to offer. But why in the name of good judgment do you waste one perfectly good page on such trash as Happy Days by Anna Roosevelt Dall?

Please give us more stories by Mabel McElliott Clarke and Will Irwin.—*J. Tuxbury.*

### The Page Is a Regular Feature

JANESVILLE, WIS.—I have been following up the articles in your magazine written by Anna Roosevelt Dall. I think they are splendid. I am going to make a scrapbook of them.

I was wondering for how much longer you were going to have her write those articles. I hope she will continue, but wanted to know what size scrapbook to get (depending upon the run of her articles). If this is too personal, just ignore request.—*Mabel K. Horan.*

### The Neighbors' Opinions About Sadie McKee

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Just a line to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine.

I certainly get my jitney's worth, and the stories written by Viña Delmar are *swell.* My husband says when I get Liberty I let the beans burn; but who cares a bean about beans when you have to hurry up and read it from cover to cover to keep somebody else from getting it?—*Mrs. Jessie Bromley.*

MIAMI, FLA.—Have just finished reading Viña Delmar's Pretty Sadie McKee, a very unusual and pleasing portrayal of things vital to a discriminating woman of the higher type. Yet this story was ushered in and announced as one of a "Bad Girl."

If Sadie McKee is rated by the powers who govern our destinies as a "Bad Girl," there will be a tremendous scarcity of women in heaven.—*Tacitus.*

### It Shows They Know a Good Thing Out in California

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Wednesday I counted eight persons on the car I was riding reading Liberty, just out.

Now, if even half that ratio prevails on all cars and trains throughout the land, a lot of people read Liberty. Furthermore, I think your circulation figures are fabricated. I really believe you sell many more than you say, but hold to the conservative number so as to keep down your income tax and cheat the poor government. It just isn't right.—*Bruce Wheeler, M.D.*

### He Is a Master Writer

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—At last Liberty is publishing a story by the greatest writer of the twentieth century, Rafael Sabatini. My congratulations!

The average reader of today does not realize the faithfulness of Sabatini's historical background, his happy use of elegant English, and the desirable combination of bravery, lovableness, and a fine exterior in his heroes.

Thankfully, there are many more Liberty readers who can appreciate the genius of a Sabatini.—*Paul Nami.*

### We'll Wait Until You Come Back

OTTAWA, ONT.—This may seem a trifle premature, but the suggestion will be backed by thousands of Canadians—why not run a series of articles on our national sport this winter? Hockey, the fastest game in the world! Since Liberty has been on the market I have never read a damned scratch on our most (and your most) popular winter game.

Another thing, your subscription notice reads thus: "In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. . . . In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year." I suppose you still think Canada is in the U. S. somewhere. May I have the pleasure of informing you that it is still in the British Empire? Consult an atlas if still in doubt.

There are a lot more things I'd like to bawl you out about, but I must rush over to the drug store for this week's copy.—*Robert E. Chambers.*

### Well, We Have at Least One Friend in Alberta

BONNYVILLE, ALTA.—In your issue of September 2 I read a short letter by Cecil S. Colvey of Montreal, which reads like this:

> Just wanted to remind you guys what a bum magazine you have. If you don't put this in Vox Pop you'll prove what I say is right.

Immediately after I read that short yet uncalled-for letter of Cecil's I said to myself, "If Colvey saw his letter in print (which I think was his only reason for writing as he did—that his name should appear in Liberty), then surely he must have had a very queer look on his map," because I think that you proved to him that Liberty was not what he said it was, and he proved to the readers of this magazine that he was what his letter shows him to be.

I think that it would be wise on C. S. C.'s part not to buy (or borrow?) a magazine which he apparently has no use for, yet I will bet anything that he saw the copy above mentioned, and will see the copy in which this letter is published, and many others in the future. He, like many others, cannot keep away from it, only he hates to admit it. I am sure that if he could not read it otherwise, he would do so at the end of a sixteen-foot pole rather than miss it, and be glad of it.—*Ralph La Rivière.*

### It Must Have Been One of the Roads Casey Jones Worked On

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Eugene Jones's story, Boles Sets a Red Board, in the September 2 issue was a whale of a rail story and better than usual. I hope he writes many more.

However, what kind of a railroad is the T. C. & W., running limited trains and leaving cars on down-grade sidings unprotected by a derail? Must have been in the link-and-pin days. Tell Boles to quit setting boards on love affairs and put in a few derails.—*Raymond E. Jones.*

### An Oklahoma Folk Tale

SHIDLER, OKLA.—Liberty is my favorite magazine and has been for ten years. My nearest neighbor, old man Joe Thompson, who can't read a word, also swears by it and borrows my copy regularly every week after I have digested it from cover to cover.

Maybe I better explain old Joe's idiosyncrasy. He's a mighty hunter, an old-timer who came to Oklahoma from Buncombe County, North Carolina, long before statehood.

His grandpa was with Andy Jackson at New Orleans.

Joe Thompson is quite a local character. He still owns the old-fashioned muzzle-loading shotgun he brought West in the early days and wouldn't trade it for anything. He swears Liberty makes perfect shotgun waddin' when properly tamped down in "Old Betsy" with his trusty ramrod.

Occasionally I offer him a Police Gazette or Congressional Record; but he always shakes his head and says, "Give me Liberty." I humor the old fellow, and he repays me with all kinds of small game, such as quails, squirrels, and prairie chickens.—*James O. Wasson.*

## C O N T E N T S

We fooled you this week. The table is on page 5 but probably will be back. Ho! Ho!—*Foxy Pop.*

### A Swell Idea!

LYNN, MASS.—May I have the temerity to suggest that Liberty conduct a contest giving a weekly prize to the reader guessing on which page the table of contents might be found?—*C. F. Chadwick, D.D.S.*

### The Mailman Knows

QUINCY, ILL.—Do you really receive from human beings the letters printed in your Vox Pop? It is not hard to believe that people write in telling you they like Liberty, but I can't believe that people are so thick-headed as to write to you criticizing a magazine such as Liberty for the nominal sum of five cents. Do they really mean the things they say? I have never received so much enjoyment for five cents as I get from Liberty, unless it was on my fifth birthday, when I bought a nickel cake of ice, sat on the sidewalk, and tried to eat it all, which I sadly found out I couldn't do.

I'm strong for Liberty.—*M. W. Lubker.*

### Thank You!

BOSTON, MASS.—What a big improvement Liberty is getting to be!

The editorials are knocking and giving a cure for the Depression with telling effect.

Will Irwin's stories on racketeers were great. Give us some more.—*Morris Miller.*

### We Love Competition

LIVINGSTON, CALIF.—This is my first kick, Pop, and it's going to be a mighty one. I have been sending you short stories every week for the last six months and they come back faster than I can send them. What's wrong? Don't you recognize talent? If you don't accept one of my stories pretty soon I am going to publish them myself in book form under the title of Short Short Stories, and then you will have a mighty competitor in the field of literature.—*Edward Faulder.*

### Just a Pal

GLENDALE, CALIF.—I am merely writing to inform you (if it makes any difference) that there is just one thing that I don't like about your magazine. And that is all of it.—*Kenneth M. Elrod.*

### And What a Story!

HINTON, W. VA.—Just finished reading the conclusion of Still Alive. If this is a true story, my only comment is—What a man!—*Charles A. Holley.*

# Taking IT

## A SHORT SHORT STORY

*By*

**LEONARD HESS**

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)*

CHRISTIE, the assistant cashier, put his red head into the vice president's office.

"Mr. Nelson wants to see you, sir," he said.

The vice president, Martens, had expected Nelson to call him in. The state bank examiner had telephoned that he would appear the next morning.

The president was polishing the lenses of his gold pince-nez when Martens entered. Martens threw himself into a chair and stretched out long legs.

"What time will the examiner be here?" Nelson asked.

"Eleven o'clock."

Nelson frowned. "I thought the visit was due next week," he said. "It's an infernal nerve."

"That's beside the point," said Martens.

The two men leveled long, steady looks at each other over the president's desk.

"It comes down to this," said Martens. "What's it going to be worth? We can't save the Grangertown Bank. That can't be done. There's no bottom left. But what's it going to be worth to save our own necks?"

"You're not thinking of—"

"Oh, yes, I am thinking of bribing the inspector," Martens said. "And don't tell me you haven't been thinking of doing the same."

Nelson's long face reddened.

"Andrews can't be monkeyed with," he said.

"It's not going to be Andrews. Andrews is sick. They're sending over an assistant."

"I'll feel him out," said Nelson. "I know human nature. Eleven tomorrow morning?"

"Yes. And there's not a thing we can do about the books in the meanwhile."

"I wanted to talk to you earlier in the day," Nelson complained. "Where were you?"

"I had to run over to Watertown about those mortgages. Well, what do you say it will be worth?"

"A thousand?" asked Nelson, after some consideration.

"We can't be pikers. Ten thousand."

"You're crazy!" Nelson exclaimed.

"Ten thousand talks," said Martens. "I thought you knew human nature?"

"All right," Nelson answered, after more consideration. If the examiner would shut his eyes, there would be time for Nelson to gather up his cash assets and blow out of town.

Martens got up. "You'd better draw that money from your private account," he said.

Nelson was going to protest, but Martens walked out.

. . . . . .

The president of the Grangertown Bank looked at his watch. He smiled.

"It's only nine forty, Mr.—Mr.—er—" he said.

"Johnson," said the young bank examiner.

"You're early," said Nelson. "But that's all right with me. Has Mr. Martens seen your credentials?"

"He's seen them."

"O. K. Have a seat, Mr. Johnson." Johnson, a very young man, sat down. He looked shy and that gave the president comfort. Nelson moved in his chair and crisp bills crackled in an inside pocket.

Nelson spoke about the weather and about the opening baseball season. Whatever he said, the young baby-faced assistant examiner "yessed" him. At last Nelson said with a long smile:

"Our books aren't quite in order at the moment, Mr. Johnson. We expected you fellows to come around next week. You should have given us more leeway."

Johnson grinned.

"Say, I guess this bank is all right, Mr. Nelson. There can't be much wrong with your books."

"Oh, not much. Nothing that you could call wrong. Just a few items that need straightening out."

"I'd let you put it right, Mr. Nelson," said Johnson, with deep apology in his voice. "I mean I'd give you more time, but the chief would raise Cain. They're hot after phony bankers these days."

"I'm not a phony banker," said Nelson, still smiling.

"Yes, you are."

Nelson stared. His mouth opened.

"Your books won't bear looking into, and you know it," Johnson said. "That's why we hopped on you a week ahead of time. You'll have to let me look over some of those trifling discrepancies you mentioned."

LEFT alone, Nelson laughed one of his rare laughs. He had been mistaken about that lad—at first. What had Johnson, the innocent baby-face, said at the end?

"You're taking it, Mr. Nelson. Why shouldn't I take some of it? I'll give you time to doctor your books—for fifteen grand, Mr. Nelson."

It had taken a quarter of an hour to argue him down to ten thousand, Nelson sweating over it.

There was a knock on the door. Christie poked his head in. "Mr. Andrews is here, sir."

The state bank inspector walked in past Christie.

Nelson sprang to the door and shouted:

"Martens! Martens!"

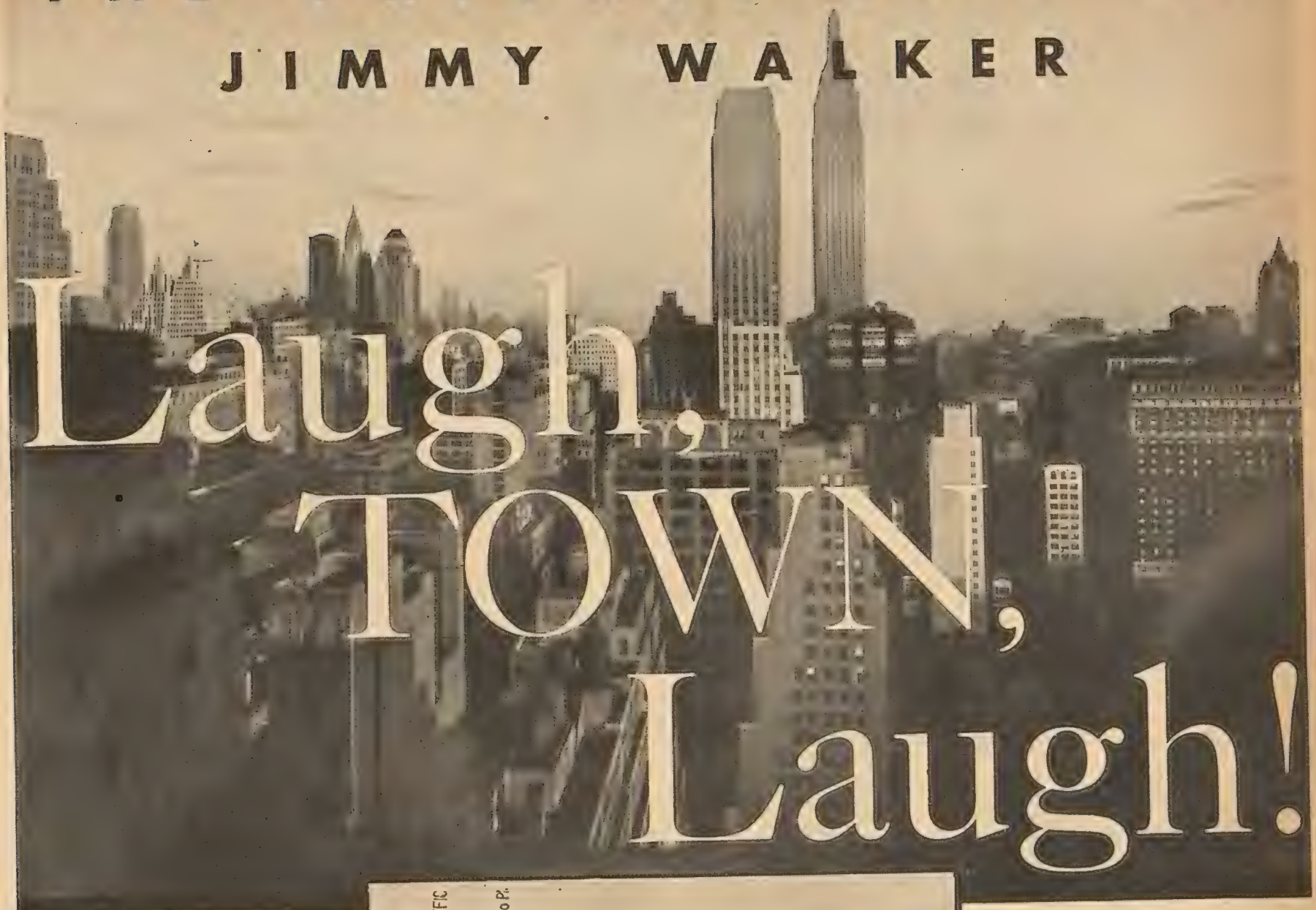
Andrews said:

"I saw Mr. Martens down at the railroad station. He wasn't in very good company. He got aboard the ten-forty-two express, bag and baggage, with a bad egg who was fired last week by the Watertown Trust and Mortgage Company. But we don't need Martens, do we? Let's sit down and go right over your books, Mr. Nelson."

THE END

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JIMMY WALKER

# Laugh, TOWN, Laugh!



## Belshazzar Feasts in Central Park — Enter Nemesis, alias Seabury — Little Man, What Now?

*(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)*

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

TWO little old ladies from Third Avenue, or perhaps from Second, were standing before the Forty-second Street gate of Bryant Park gazing in puzzled awe at the mail-order duplicate of Federal Hall erected on the bit of green behind the Library in honor of the late George Washington and his bicentennial.

"An' what's that?" asked one of the old ladies, pointing.

"An' how sh'd I be knowin'?"

They were about to pass on when a great light spread over the face of the first woman.

"I know!" she sighed ecstatically. "It's where Jimmy Walker eats his dinner!"

She was wrong—by about thirty city blocks. The place where Jimmy Walker ate his dinner, and

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SEPT 1 1932 10 20 P.M.

CITY OF NEW YORK
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September 1, 1932.

Hon. Michael J. Cruise,
City Clerk of the City of New York,
Municipal Building, New York.

Dear Sir:

I hereby resign as Mayor of the City of New York,

the said resignation to take effect immediately.

Very truly yours,

MAYOR.

By
**FREDERICK L. COLLINS**

often his supper, and sometimes his breakfast, was in Central Park, not Bryant; and instead of being a cool, square white building of ageless architectural purity, it was a low, rambling, vine-covered, softly landscaped pavilion, which nestled on a tree-clad hillside, to which in simpler days gay spirits rode in sleighs and drags. In modern times, thanks chiefly to the widely publicized patronage of the Hon. James J. Walker, it was the favorite nocturnal parking place of high-aiming mushroom multimillionaires and low-lying imported limousines. To Jimmy the Casino had become a second home.

All about him, in a setting of Ziegfeldian loveliness, against mirrored backgrounds and beneath

Acme photo

*Jimmy on the stand, under fire. At the left is Judge Seabury. Above, Mayor Jimmy's exit line.*

ceilings hung with flower baskets and multicolored chandeliers, sat and danced and ate and drank the men and women with whom Jimmy Walker spent his days—such as he had of them—and his nights.

Money people—odd products of a Money City.

Take that group at the table by the door. It is typical of the lot. The men—thin, undersized, pale even in the beautifying imitation candlelight, nervously twitching their cigarettes—say nothing to their women, but twist and wriggle on high, attenuated, uncomfortable chairs and gaze boldly at other people's women. This is all right, because the men who own the other women are equally callous, equally careless. And the women—all they are interested in is looking at each other.

Acme photo

*With Betty Compton, his second wife, in France.*

And such women! The men are dipped in prosperity. The women are sunk in it. They are not unattractive.

Yet how uninterestingly alike they are!

Beautiful—but unimportant.

Tables at five dollars a cover!

Lamb at five dollars a plate!

"After an evening in such a place," an old New Yorker once said, "I drop off to confused dreams of gorilla head waiters pouncing on baby lambs and shearing them of crisp five-dollar bills, of a great ballroom swarming with dancing daughters and natty old men in Empire waistcoats and princess trousers who think they look like Clark Gable—until in the end, like those swine in the Bible possessed of devils, I go suddenly mad and rush headlong into the sea."

Keystone View photo

*The long, long elusive Russell T. Sherwood after his reappearance.*

BUT not so Jimmy! To him the Casino in the Park was the palace of his dreams. Its silver and black and gold salons were the antechambers, the flowered pavilion the throne room, of that glamorous person he had come to be, King Jimmy the First of the Kingdom of Jazz.

There he sits among the popping ginger-ale bottles and the flying nifties, a saucy, pinchbeck Nero, fiddling—vicariously, of course, thanks to the accomplished violinist, Eddie Duchin!—while his Rome, all unknown to him, is slowly burning to the ground. There he sits with Blumey, with Betty whom he loves, in long-continued celebration of the great Walker victory of November 5, 1929.

Let us follow him, all warm from dancing, as he steps with jeweled companion on his arm out on to the rambling *terrasse* for a breath of the night air and a glimpse of the night city. He doesn't look like Nero. At forty-nine he still has the slim figure, the sprightly walk, the bold gaze, the light grace that would do credit to a gigolo. He still is Jimmy Walker, the best-known, the best-loved man in New York.

AND there, before his light-blinded eyes, is the New York that knows and loves him. All about, through the tree tops, dancing like myriad fireflies, shine the headlights of the motors in the Park. To the north a gayly lighted elevated train slides out of a narrow slit between tall black buildings and sweeps in a beautiful wide curve over Harlem. To the south, those wonderful illuminated buildings—those fifty- and hundred-story shafts of light which constitute the castle-fringed skyline of New York—rise like golden staircases to heaven.

The City Superlative! That's what it is: the highest buildings, the longest bridges, the fastest trains, the largest ships, the thickest traffic; the most luxurious hotels, the most wonderful stores, the most famous avenues, the most beautiful Park.

How strong it looks to the man on the *terrasse!*

How secure he feels!

But is it strong? Is he secure?

On October 23, just two weeks before Jimmy's little private triumph on election day, the prices of fifty leading railroad and industrial stocks had registered an average drop of 18.24 points. By October 29, just one week before his reëlection, the Niagara of liquidation had reached the unheard-of proportions of a sixteen-million-share day. And by November 13, just one week after the election, U. S. Steel had dropped from 261 to 150, General Electric from 403 to 168, American Can from 184 to 86, Montgomery Ward from 156 to 49, General Motors from 91 to 33, Radio from 101 to 28.

In short, the grandiose world which had made such expensive luxuries as Jimmy Walker possible, even palatable, had suddenly and cataclysmically collapsed.

Jimmy must have known about these

International photo

*Mayor Jimmy leading the great beer parade.*

things, even though he didn't have time for reading. And yet, here he was, still dallying with the five-dollar cover charge, the two-dollar ginger-ale charge, the twenty-five-dollar champagne charge—the whole outdated panoply of a prosperity which was at its best merely plated.

Was it insolence? Was it the desperation of a last fling? No one can tell for sure. No one ever could tell about the workings of that facile, fugitive thing which was Jimmy Walker's mind!

It may never have occurred to him that the financial earthquake which had already devastated Wall Street might also shake City Hall, that the rising floods of panic and depression might some day reach even him.

It is hardly conceivable, however, that Jimmy, as he stood on the *terrasse* in the Park—say, on a summer night in 1930—did not realize that the Tammany victory of the previous fall had been little more than a hollow shell, that the Walker administration which had been so generally indorsed in that victory was a hollow shell, that he, Jimmy Walker, was a hollow shell.

If he did not realize these things then, he must have soon afterward. For on August 26, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, aroused by the charge that Magistrate George F. Ewald had bought his appointment to the bench, had voted to investigate the magistrates' courts of Manhattan and the Bronx, and had appointed as referee to hear the testimony a former judge of the state's highest tribunal, Samuel Seabury.

And the latter's investigation had uncovered a system of police graft, preying on women, framing innocent girls, splitting bondholders' fees, and general all-around corruption which made juicy reading in the newspapers for several months and resulted in the resignation under fire of Judges McQuade, Goodman, and Simpson, and the removal, after trial, of Magistrates Silbermann and Norris.

JIMMY, departing for a "rest" at Palm Springs, said: "I will confess that I have been more or less shocked by the reports of framing of innocent women."

More or less shocked!

Somehow the public didn't seem to feel that this comment from the chief magistrate of the city was wholly adequate.

In the light of these developments, the unsolved mystery of the Rothstein murder, the disappearance without explanation of Supreme Court Justice Crater, the refusal of Tammany Leader Curry and other Tammany chieftains to waive immunity, even the closing of the Bank of United States—which had no direct political significance—all contributed their bit to the rising tide of indignation against Tammany rule.

A public which for years had shown itself completely calloused to political corruption followed with unexpected interest the long and often dull proceedings of the various Seabury investigations, which included as outstanding incidents a probe of the office of the District Attorney of New York County, aged Tammany Sachem Thomas C. T. Crain, and the actual removal after "tin box" disclosures of Tammany Sheriff Thomas M. Farley; and led, after months of tireless, relentless preparation—so cold that it was almost cruel—to the calling to the witness stand, on May 25, 1932, of the Hon. James J. Walker.

THERE was nothing in the mayor's attitude, during this long period in which the Seabury net was drawing closer and closer to him, to indicate that he feared the result so far as he personally was concerned. Beating his way through a throng of cheering women at a Democratic meeting in Brooklyn, he spied Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, and promptly kissed her. He spied Mrs. John H. McCooey, wife of the Brooklyn boss, and promptly kissed her. He spied Club Leader Mary F. O'Malley, and did likewise. Then he spied his sister, Mrs. Nan Burke, and kissed her too.

"Any man that cannot take it," he said, apropos of the investigation, not of the kissing, "does not belong in politics in these times."

"My conscience is clear," he said on one occasion. "I regard the charges against me as mere excerpts from a stump speech," he declared another time. "There's nothing to them." "The city welcomes a graft investigation, and wants to oust officials who are proved to be corrupt, be the number one or one thousand." Even on the eve of his final trial before the governor, he insisted that he would "meet every one of these charges on the facts."

Perhaps he was unduly encouraged to this feeling of security by Governor Roosevelt's dismissal of the somewhat premature demand for his removal made by the City Affairs Committee in the spring of 1931. His enemies, making these premature charges, had played into his hands by enabling him to make a flashy twenty-thousand-word reply, in which he charged that the City Affairs Committee, dominated by Paul Blanshard and Norman Thomas, was "nothing more than an annex of the Socialist Party masquerading under a name contrived to deceive the public"; described the Rev. John Haynes Holmes as "for years a leader in a group of agitators and Soviet sympathizers"; and had a lot of fun with "all-sufficient, insufficient, self-sufficient Rabbi Wise."

The public, though suspecting by this time that its idol had clay feet, was forced to admit he was still quick on them.

Not only had the mayor acquitted himself in this preliminary skirmish to his own satisfaction and the satisfaction of his admirers, but he had annihilated the stupid attempt of a committee of the National Republican Club, headed by one Alan Fox, to demand his removal for the wholly

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# SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY CONTEST

## AUGUST 5 WINNERS

ENTRANTS who submitted prize-winning solutions and statements of preference for the August 5 Scrambled Geography Contest are announced herewith. Checks for the various prizes will be mailed without delay. If you sent in an entry, check your solution against the twenty-six correctly spelled names and then look for your own name in the list of prize awards.

### HERE ARE THE UNSCRAMBLED NAMES

PARIS — BISCAY — LIVERPOOL — SHANNON — VESUVIUS — LOMBARDY — CAMPOBASSO — ROME — ALBANIA — ANTWERP — CHEMNITZ — WARSAW — DARDANELLES — GUADIANA — CHRISTIANIA — OSTERSUND — HELSINGFORS — MOSCOW — VALENCIA — KHARKOF — SKAGERRACK — MARSEILLE — LADOGA — KILLARNEY — SEVERN — GRAMPIAN

## HERE ARE THE AWARDS

### $50 FIRST PRIZE

D. J. BLEIFUSS, Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### $25 SECOND PRIZE

MRS. L. BECK, Winnipeg, Man.

### $15 THIRD PRIZE

BILL HOUSTON, Austin, Texas

### $10 FOURTH PRIZE

JOEL F. SEEDOFF, Rockford, Ill.

### TEN $5 PRIZES

Ray E. Bates, San Francisco, Calif.; Fletcher Booraem, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. C. Clarke, Windsor, Ont.; Bryan Duff, Cleburne, Texas; M. E. Forrest, Jr., Greensboro, N. C.; Tom L. Miller, Irving, Texas; Mrs. R. W. Mitchell, Gainesville, Texas; G. R. Wass, Dresbach, Minn.; Mrs. Mary M. West, Berkeley, Calif.; A. F. Whyte, Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Mrs. Edith L. Allen, Albany, N. Y.; J. M. Armington, Birmingham, Ala.; Lillian Banker, Clarendon, Va.; K. R. Baskerville, Alhambra, Calif.; Mrs. Henry H. Beck, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Geo. E. Bleck, Spokane, Wash.; E. S. Boyd, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. Florence M. Brown, Bremerton, Wash.; Richard L. Chittim, Easthampton, Mass.; Mrs. E. M. Crim, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mrs. James E. Decker, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Agnes M. Donohue, Alhambra, Calif.; Fred W. Dutton, Cleveland, Ohio; Edward L. Evensen, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Mary H. Fagley, Mt. Carmel, Pa.; J. W. Goodwin, Seattle, Wash.

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irrelevant reasons that he had "joked," "junketed to race tracks," "sat up all night at wild parties," and "entertained Hollywood."

The committee's fulminations were promptly repudiated by responsible Republican leaders, but not until a grand opportunity had been given the agile Jimmy. The papers asserted, he said, in concluding his attack on "the Pharisaical composers of the tirade," that the chairman of the committee was "named 'A. Fox.' This is evidently a mistake. There must have been some confusion in the Republican zoo. It should have been signed by the name of another animal."

The public was inclined to agree with him. In fact, for old times' sake, it might have let him approach his ordeal before the Seabury committee with that substantially united backing of regard and affection which had been his so long, if it had not been for two events which came as complete surprises—and therefore as shocks.

The first of these events was the marriage, on February 16, 1931, of Miss Betty Compton to Mr. Edward Duryea Dowling, and their subsequent precipitate divorce.

"It was a very secret ceremony at the municipal chapel," reported the Daily News in reviewing the case on April 10. "Her friends were surprised because Dowling, relatively obscure, had never been noticed as an escort of the actress.

"The marriage was very short-lived, for after the couple reached Havana the actress and Dowling separated. It was announced that after two days at sea, Havana-bound, they told an old friend they discovered they were incompatible and had decided to call it quits.

"Dowling, who had risen from a clerk in motion-picture offices to a very brief career as 'assistant dialogue director,' always refused to discuss the actress.

"THE marriage," the News continued, "became unique even in the annals of modern matrimony yesterday when a dispatch from Mexico City revealed the actress had received a divorce March 21 last. She set a record—married one week, separated the next, and divorced by final decree only three weeks after the separation.

"The divorce, granted to the Broadway actress in Cuernavaca, Mexico, by Judge Manuel Carpio, was obtained by remote control. Miss Compton deserted her Broadway haunts for a two-day sojourn in the Mexican city. Dowling, so far as can be learned, has not been out of New York."

After the marriage theories multiplied in an effort to explain the bizarre performance. The immediate effect on the mayor of all this business was apparently the physical breakdown which sent him scurrying, at this most critical time in his own affairs, across the continent to Palm Springs, California, to regain his shattered strength—which he did in true Walker fashion by dancing with Jean Harlow, swimming with Peggy Fears, and talking over the long-distance telephone with Mrs. Dowling in New York. He also posed with Polly Moran, film comédienne; colored Easter eggs for children; wore a ten-gallon hat; and submitted to a realistic train holdup with which the simple folk of the Springs—spurred on by press agents—welcomed him to their midst.

The mayor recovered quickly.

ASKED if he was going to lie in the sun, he answered: "Better say 'bask.'" Urged to join the "Will Rogers for President" movement, he replied: "I'll say this: you won't have to tell people who your candidate is." Approached by an upstate Mr. Eaton, who admitted that he was a member of the opposite political party, he said: "I'm sure it is our loss, Mr. Eaton." Donning the ten-gallon hat with one hand, he put the other where the holster ought to be: "This costume," he grinned, "is not complete for what I'm liable to need." Then, with a wave of the sombrero from the rear platform of his private car, he shouted: "I'm off to the wars!" And he was.

The effect of the Betty Compton publicity on the mayor's *political* health was not to be so easily repaired. Of course Allie, wintering as usual at her beloved Miami, came through with the expected wifely remarks about "our nineteen years together" being "a long dream of happiness, contentment, and understanding," and about "going back to New York to stand by Jim and our guns." But nobody believed her; and she didn't go.

It was too late for Jimmy to pull the old stunt of having Allie show up for photographs. The publicity had been too blatant; the reading matter too interesting. Everybody knew now what only a few had guessed.

"The real downfall of Jimmy Walker," wrote one commentator, "dates, not from his pillorying by Samuel Seabury or his legal collapse before Governor Roosevelt in Albany, but from the hour when a pastor and prelate—Monsignor Chidwick of battleship Maine fame—indicted his private morals at the obsequies of a rough-and-ready but personally reputable district leader, Marty McCue."

The second of the two unexpected events which turned the tide of public sentiment against the mayor was the disappearance, on August 11, 1931, of a man who had been, until then, quite as obscure as Mr. Eddie Dowling. His name was Russell T. Sherwood.

Sherwood, it seems, had been a sort of bookkeeper "at $3,000 a year and extras" for the law firm with which Attorney James J. Walker had been somewhat vaguely connected. In this capacity Sherwood had handled a good many of the mayor's financial affairs, collecting his salary checks,

making his bank deposits, keeping his check book, paying his bills, turning over money to Mrs. Walker for the maintenance of her yacht, paying the generous monthly allowance which Jimmy made to his sister, conducting brokerage accounts in his own name but allegedly for the mayor, sharing a safe-deposit box with the mayor, and handling payments of substantial size to an "unnamed person," who was later identified as Betty Compton.

These services he continued to perform for His Honor after leaving the law firm and accepting a $10,000-a-year position with an important New York bank. In fact, there is every reason to believe that he continued to perform them right up to the eleventh day of August, 1931, when he was served with a subpœna requiring his appearance before the Seabury committee. Then he disappeared. Not until the end of last May did the public get more than fleeting glimpses of him; then he was located in New Jersey, across the North River and, of course, the state line. He has since —up to the present writing—revisited Manhattan only as a federal grand jury witness with immunity.

Meanwhile, "He went first to Atlantic City," wrote Associate Counsel Northrop of the committee. "When he was discovered there, another effort was made to serve him. Again he disappeared and went to Chicago. From there he went to Mexico City, where he was married. While he was honeymooning in Mexico City he was served, pursuant to statute, with an order of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, requiring his attendance as a witness in New York City before the committee. This order he disobeyed and once more disappeared. For the violation of this order he was adjudged in contempt by the Supreme Court and fined $50,000. Furthermore, he lost his $10,000-a-year job with the bank.

"Sherwood was wanted as a witness only in connection with the committee's examination into the affairs of Mayor Walker. Sherwood was not a city official. Why, then, should he have disappeared—given up a $10,000-a-year job and suffered a $50,000 fine?"

AS months passed without effort on the mayor's part to bring back the missing "bookkeeper," and as the proceedings of the committee began to uncover Sherwood transactions, allegedly on behalf of his patron, of nearly $1,000,000 (over $720,000 of which was in cash) and a withdrawal from one bank account of $261,000 in cash, the significance of the "Why?" question steadily deepened. By the time Jimmy ascended the witness stand it had taken on an indigo hue.

The Sherwood scandal was different from those which had preceded it; different from the quitting magistrates and the grafting cops. It was personal to James John Walker.

"It is indicative of the public attitude toward politics," said one commentator, "that Walker's failure to be a good mayor was not considered half as serious as any personal dishonesty that might be charged against him."

It was indicative, too, of the kind of man Jimmy Walker was and of the warm place he still held in the hearts of the people. As late as May 21, 1932, while the town was still gasping over the revelation that Jimmy had taken a $10,000 letter of credit from a backer of the discredited Equitable bus deal, editorials appeared in New York newspapers speaking of Mayor Walker as "a charming and beloved personality" and "a man who is true to his friends," and fairly begging him to assure his admirers that he did not profit personally by this unusual financial transaction. The headline over one such editorial was, "Say It Ain't So, Jimmy!"

JIMMY couldn't say it wasn't so. That, in a sentence, is the story of all those stormy sessions before the Seabury committee and the governor. It is the underlying explanation of the pitiful evasions, denials, losses of memory, out-and-out contradictions, and general demoralization which characterized his testimony.

He could say that he didn't know it was so. And did. A great many believed him at the time. Some do now. "I haven't seen a check book of my own or a stub or canceled voucher in six years." That was a hard thing to believe of most men; not so hard to believe of Jimmy Walker. It explained a good deal. But it could not explain—at least, it could not explain *away*—the implication of a certain moral shoddiness.

"The sober-minded and law-abiding people who make up the strength of the community," as the not too easily shocked New York Times well put it, "were not content with the spectacle of a mayor who confesses himself to have been so extremely careless about taking money from people having business with the city, and so strangely irregular about keeping large sums of cash in his safe at home, instead of following the usual methods of deposits and bank checks. There may have been no technical crime in this. It may not be sufficient to warrant Mr. Walker's removal from office. But it was morally and politically a high crime and misdemeanor for a public servant in whom the city had so strikingly reposed its confidence thus to abuse the proprieties and disregard the decencies of official life."

There was drama at the end of the "man hunt." Seabury: elderly, portly, gray-locked, cold and sure. Jimmy: cocky, saucy, debonair, slim, and oh, so youthful! The mayor received a tumultuous reception from the crowd outside. Seabury, told of it, remarked: "So did Tweed." And comedy too. Seabury accused the witness of making a speech. Jimmy, grinning insolently, replied: "Well, they're not so bad. Did you ever listen to any of them?"

broken chair
loose caster
holes in floor
nicks

floor cracks
loose drawer pull
screw holes
in plaster

Even if you're all thumbs you can easily, quickly do an expert job of repairing—with new kind of wood that handles easy as putty and hardens into firm wood you can't tell from natural wood. You can paint it. Drive nails into it. Always does fine, permanent job. Costs only 25¢ a tube, 35¢ a can, at paint or hardware store. Try it. Results will surprise you.

NRA MEMBER WE DO OUR PART

PLASTIC WOOD

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

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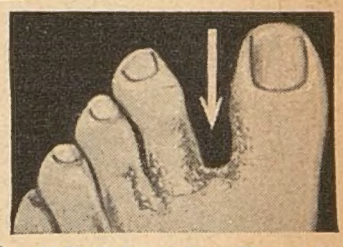
ENDS ITCH ON FEET AND TOES



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Dr Scholl's Solvex

A farce, that's what it was—a bitter farce. But the proceedings before the governor were different, more in the mood of Chekhov. The unhappy ending loomed on the very steps of the massive building which had been the scene of Jimmy's greatest triumphs and his happiest hours.

At the station in Albany a crowd of five thousand cheering supporters marshaled by the O'Connell brothers, puissant Democratic bosses and ancient allies of Tammany Hall, had given the visiting mayor full-throated encouragement. All along the way to the Capitol there had been shouts of "Attaboy, Jimmy!" and "You'll show 'em, Jimmy!" But within the Capitol itself there was no cheering.

Jimmy missed his claque. At the hearings in New York he had been careful to take it with him. When distinguished citizens arrived with passes entitling them to seats in the committee chamber, they found not only the seats but every available inch of standing room clogged with Tammany supporters and Walker friends.

When the mayor testified that he took the cash a wealthy friend gave him and put it in a safe, "not a tin box," the crowd roared. When he said he hoped they'd prove that Sherwood's $700,000 in cash did belong to him, for if it did he'd like to "try and collect it," they went into paroxysms of joy.

In the Executive Chamber at Albany he found only the governor, the governor's legal advisers, the inevitable Seabury, and a great pile of typewritten testimony from the Seabury hearings, with which the governor seemed surprisingly familiar. There was, alas, no cheering section!

It must have been clear from the first to a person so sensitively attuned to atmosphere as Jimmy Walker that all was lost. Before the hearings began he may have been buoyed up by the thought that the governor, being himself a candidate for high office, would find some way of letting him out of his predicament and thus pacifying the Tammany chieftains. That the governor might put his sense of right and duty above political expediency probably never occurred to a practical politician like Jimmy. But once the hearings began he must have realized that he had no chance, that the only thing for him to do was to get out before he was kicked out.

It was not an heroic thing to do: to quit under fire. But it was the inevitable thing. Looking back on the situation in which Jimmy found himself, it is difficult to blame him for the step he took. It is equally difficult to forgive him for the way he took it.

IT is painfully clear *now* that Jimmy should have withdrawn from the hearings before the governor at the very first evidence of what he maintained was an invasion of his rights; and that he should have done so quietly, simply, politely—with appropriate comment on the unfairness of the law under which he was being tried, but with no reflections on the presiding officer at the trial.

Governor Roosevelt was human. He might well have been grateful for a move which would have been an "out" for him as well as for the mayor. The mayor, on his side, would have avoided the impossible situation of not being able to campaign for vindication without campaigning against the candidate of his party for President. If he had avoided that situation, it is probable that he would still be Mayor of New York. As it is, Jimmy's tumultuous and rowdy withdrawal from the proceedings before the governor has been almost universally accepted as indication of guilt and of cowardice.

But was it? Of guilt, yes—at least as to those moral and political high crimes and misdemeanors referred to by the Times. (No one has ever claimed, and no one who ever knew him ever seriously believed, that Jimmy had actually stolen the public's money.) But of cowardice—well, courage is not such a white thing as virtue, cowardice not such a black thing as guilt. Jimmy seems to have belonged somewhere in the grays.

According to his lights, he had put up a fight. Before Seabury he wriggled, stuttered, but didn't really flinch. "I am either guilty of perjury or not," he said in the midst of his amazing contradictions. "If I am, I would expect to be prosecuted for it." And when he went to Albany he didn't go with his tail between his legs. He even had Allie there for the photographs.

In the grueling months preceding his final ordeal he also conducted himself in the usual unawed Jimmy Walker manner. He rushed to Europe to receive his decoration as Commander of the Legion of Honor. This sort of thing had worked before; it might work now. Of course it didn't. He rushed across the continent to plead for poor old Tom Mooney. Of course this, too, didn't do any good. Governor Jim Rolph decided against him. Unkind critics said that the real reason why he went to California was to attend Joan Bennett's wedding!

HE proposed the beer parade. Everybody was for beer. But he didn't get the credit for which he had hoped. Still more unkind critics pointed out that the idea for a beer parade really belonged to Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. He went to the Chicago convention and voted dramatically for Alfred E. Smith. But Al got licked.

He fought in his way, Jimmy did, and with the weapons that he knew. They just didn't work.

Jimmy hadn't changed. The world had changed. His first years in City Hall had paralleled the years of the country's greatest prosperity; his last years had paralleled the great decline. In 1928 Jimmy was a luxury which people enjoyed; in 1932 he was an extravagance which people could not, and would not, afford.

A million dollars in Sherwood's bank account! In 1928 that would have been nothing. Wasn't the man in the street, the stenographer at the desk, making, or about to make, a million dollars by methods which were, perhaps, basically no more defensible? But in 1932 a million dollars was a lot of money—too much money for a little Greenwich Village boy to possess.

So it happened that Jimmy got the sack. And New York? What did New York get? Good government? Reform?

Town, it is to laugh!

It got John Patrick (Boo-boo) O'Brien!

If we assume that New York got what it deserved, we should assume that Jimmy did, too. The only question is, What, precisely, did he get? Oblivion? Or a rest? Can he come back? Does he want to? Who knows?

Just two things we do know: the town is not the same without him; and Jimmy, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is the same wherever he is.

On the occasion of his recent marriage—Allie, freed from the necessity of showing up for photographs, having neatly divorced him—he toasted his bride, as all Riviera bridegrooms should, in plentiful glasses of sparkling Pol Roger. Then it occurred to him to sink for a moment on a near-by couch. It was understandable, in the circumstances, that he did not notice that the bride's bouquet of roses was already there.

"Jimmy," cried Violet Holling Compton Walker, more widely known as Betty Compton, "you're sitting on my roses!"

Was Jimmy's face red? It wasn't.

"That's just to show," he said, "that my life from now on is going to be a bed of roses."

Let us hope so, Jimmy, let us hope so!

THE END

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 13

1—Omnibus.
2—A fruit tree of the south and central United States and the West Indies.
3—Armenia.
4—Urga.
5—Inventor of the sewing machine.
6—There are 5,280 feet.
7—The multitude; the populace.
8—Near the city of Quebec.
9—A hard red dyewood of Africa.
10—The hall of Odin, into which are received the souls of heroes slain in battle.
11—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.
12—Cabot Strait.
13—A radical, revolutionary society in France at the time of the French Revolution.
14—Fostering mother.
15—Robert Burns.
16—Sixty-four years, from 1837 to 1901.
17—The towns are Newcastle, Stoke, Langton, Burslem, and Tunstall.
18—A pigtail worn by a bullfighter.
19—Abyssinia.
20—In Greek mythology, goddess of the rainbow.

# "HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?"

## SEND IN A WINNING EXPLANATION

AND CLAIM YOUR SHARE OF

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## IN SIXTY-FOUR CASH AWARDS

## *Your Chance to Win One Is Excellent!*

### INTRODUCTION

*A penniless art student in Paris asks an American tourist to buy an etching.*

### CONCLUSION

*A salmon cannery in Washington doubles its output.*

HOW did this happen? How do *you* think it happened? Your explanation, submitted as an entry in this week's contest, may win the $50 cash first prize! Certainly your chance to win is as good as anyone's. It costs nothing to try. Simply invent a chain of circumstances that will connect the introduction and conclusion. Explain how the incident in Paris might have resulted in the increased activity of the fish-packing plant.

Make your chain of circumstances romantic, austerely commercial, or a mixture of both, as you will. Let your imagination dictate your explanation. But do not resort to magic or the supernatural to forge the links of your chain. Stay within the bounds of probability. Be logical.

A lengthy explanation is not required. The maximum wordage is 500. Be as concise as you wish. It is not necessary to copy the introduction and conclusion.

Before you start to write, read the brief rules carefully. Then, if you can find a place in your budget for one of this week's sixty-four cash prizes, set down your explanation. Mail your entry so that it is received on or before October 23.

### THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.
3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.
4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Penciled entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.
5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best. The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.
6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2.
7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 23.

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| TEN PRIZES, EACH $5 | 50 |
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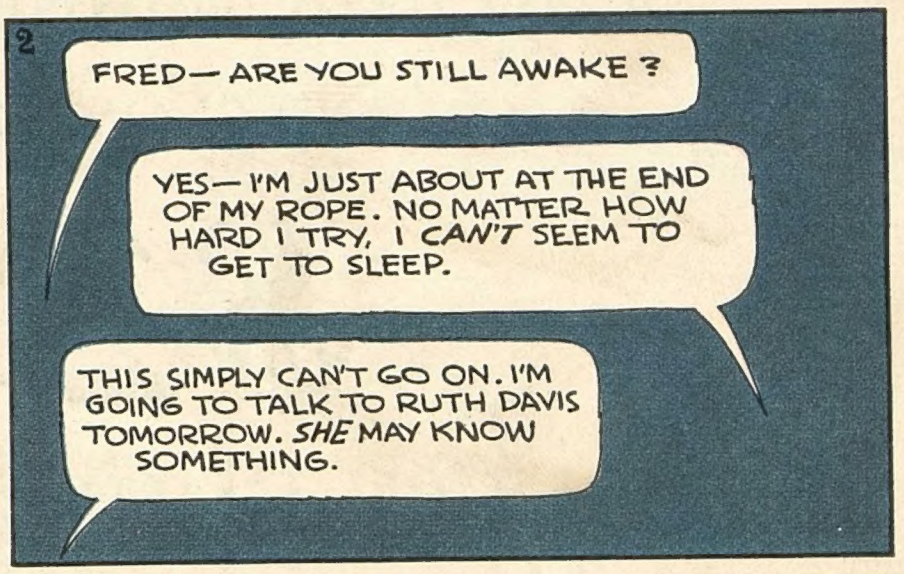
ANOTHER $250 CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK

# GOODBYE TO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS..

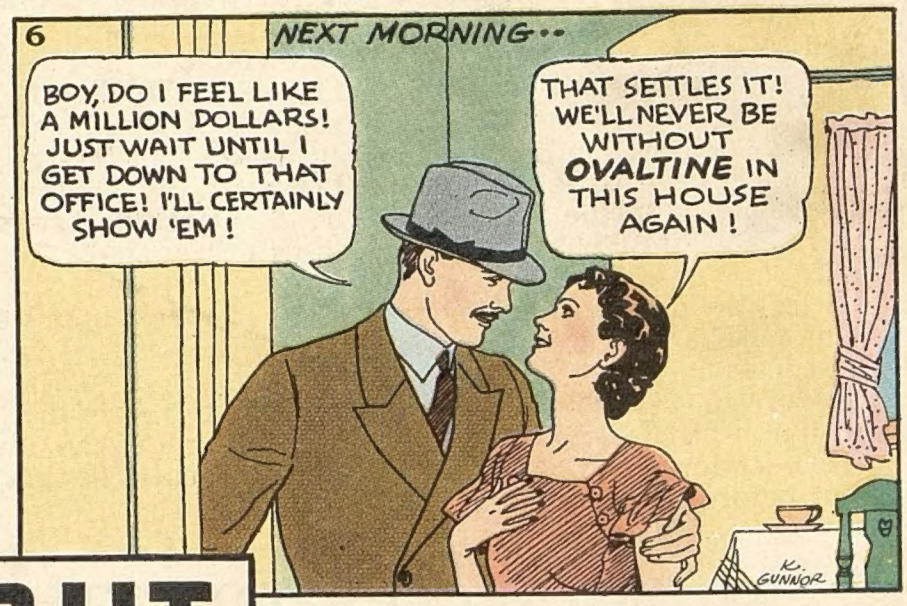
*Look and Feel Like a Different Person Mornings*

1
FRED—YOU LOOK TERRIBLY TIRED. YOU OUGHT TO GO TO BED.
WHAT'S THE USE? IT'LL BE THE SAME OLD STORY—TOSSING AND COUNTING SHEEP FOR HOURS—THEN "ALL IN" AGAIN TOMORROW!


2
FRED—ARE YOU STILL AWAKE?
YES—I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE. NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, I *CAN'T* SEEM TO GET TO SLEEP.
THIS SIMPLY CAN'T GO ON. I'M GOING TO TALK TO RUTH DAVIS TOMORROW. *SHE* MAY KNOW SOMETHING.

3 *NEXT DAY..*
...AND YOU SAY, RUTH, ALL I NEED TO DO IS GIVE HIM A CUP OF ***OVALTINE*** BEFORE BEDTIME AT NIGHT?
THAT'S ALL—IT NEARLY ALWAYS WORKS LIKE A CHARM. AND BEST OF ALL, THERE ARE NO DRUGS IN IT—THAT'S WHY WE LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT.

4 *THAT NIGHT..*
SAY DORIS, THIS CERTAINLY TASTES GOOD. WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
IT'S ***OVALTINE***—AND IT'LL MAKE YOU SLEEP....NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.


6
*NEXT MORNING..*
BOY, DO I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS! JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE! I'LL CERTAINLY SHOW 'EM!
THAT SETTLES IT! WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT ***OVALTINE*** IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!
K. GUNNOR

# SLEEP TONIGHT

## This Natural, Drugless Way

HERE'S a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A delicious food-drink that not only brings you restful sleep *tonight*—but, taken regularly, restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

This remarkable food-drink (called Ovaltine) acts to combat the three most common causes of sleeplessness in three different ways.

*First:* Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

*Second:* Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

*Third:* Ovaltine supplies important factors the absence of which leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides, in easily digested form, the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep. That's why millions take it night after night largely on physicians' advice.

Start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks and months.

*NOTE: Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 978-R

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*Now Made in the United States*